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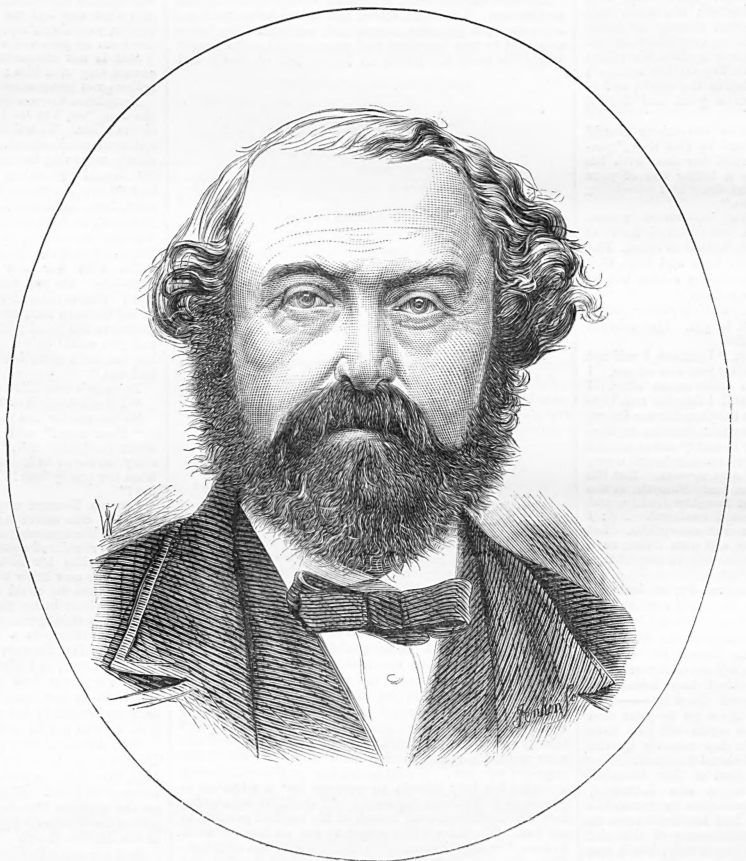
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WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

THOUGH the greatest successes of this popular author belong to a fast-waning style of literature, the author of the "Tower of London" and other kindred works will not soon be forgotten, even when his busy pen shall have been laid aside for ever. His "Rookwood," published so far back as 1834, passed through many editions, and established his name as a writer of fiction; and since then—close upon forty years ago—he has continued to write and publish almost unremittingly, thus linking his name and fame with at least two generations of readers. His most recent story, "Hilary St. Ives," was only issued in the three-volume form so late as last July, and was as well received by the critics as by the public. The quaintly old-fashioned but pleasing style of writing in the story is indeed very welcome from this veteran author, and reminds one strongly of the novels of one's youth. The very tale, too, although rather commonplace, is a perfect model of the simple narratives which pleased an older generation, and quite refreshes the reader after the fashionable sensational romances of the present day. Hence it is that we have this week added Mr. Ainsworth's portrait to our Gallery, as that of a writer of whom all classes of readers must know something, and in whose career many thousands in every part of the civilised world must feel a genuine interest. Indeed his writings are not only familiar wherever the English language is spoken, but many of them have been translated into German, and versions of some exist in the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Russian tongues.

Mr. Ainsworth was the eldest son of the late Thomas Ainsworth, solicitor of Manchester, a member of an ancient Lancashire family, and was born in 1805. Having been educated at the Free Grammar School of Manchester, William was articled in his sixteenth year to Mr. Kay, a leading solicitor of that city, but, losing his father a few years later, he came to London



WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(From a Photograph.)

to finish his term. Before he was of age he published the romance of "Sir John Chiverton," which was highly praised by Sir Walter Scott; and his marriage, in 1826, with a daughter of the late Mr. Ebers, publisher, of Bond-street, led Mr. Ainsworth finally to abandon the study of the law in order to devote himself to literature, in the joint capacity of author and publisher. The latter vocation he soon gave up, however, and restricted himself to what he thenceforth regarded as his profession.

His "Rookwood," already referred to, appeared first, and with what results are known. It is, it will be remembered, a very animated narrative, in which the adventures of Turpin, the highwayman, are

graphically related, and some of the vulgar superstitions of the last century coloured with the lights of genius. It was quickly followed by "Crichton," which was almost equally successful; and then came "Jack Sheppard," the first instalment being published in January, 1839, in *Bentley's Miscellany*—of which periodical, we may remark in passing, Mr. Ainsworth became editor on the retirement of Mr. Chas. Dickens, in the spring of 1840. The history of "Jack Sheppard" has always been popular with the multitude, and soon after the appearance of Mr. Ainsworth's story, no fewer than eight different dramatic versions were produced on the stage, the attendant excitement being something similar to that which accompanied the production of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's once famous novel. This success had its drawbacks, however, the morality of the story being severely impugned by critics; and not altogether without reason, for to portray in minute detail, however ably, scenes of low cunning and successful villany is no elevating task for a man of genius, nor one calculated to produce amongst general readers a healthy tone of moral feeling or sentiment.

This story was followed by "Guy Fawkes" and the "Tower of London," both of which became at once popular; and since then Mr. Ainsworth's literary labours have been so multifarious that we can do little more in the space at command than briefly indicate the more important volumes that he has given to the world. We should state, however, that he established, towards the close of 1841, the magazine which bore



Leonore.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

By ANNA GRAHAM,

Author of "Our Masquerade," "Too Late," &c.

CHAPTER V.



"EONORE, two gentlemen, friends of mine will be here to supper to-night; but they are strangers to you, and I don't fancy you would greatly enjoy their society, so I think you had better remain in your own room."

Leonore looked up from her book in time to see her father closely examining one of a pack of cards, which he afterwards slipped into his pocket.

"Kingsford is not coming to-night," he continued. "By the way, Leo, I feel surprised that, so desperately smitten as he was, he has not proposed to you in due form before this. How is it that he is so long in coming to the point?"

Her colour deepened as she met the steady gaze of the hard pale blue eyes; for she was conscious of having looked coldly on the devotion of the young Earl of Kingsford. She knew that were he that hour to lay his coronet at her feet, she could but refuse it. Leonore was a woman, not an angel, and the thoughts of wearing it had dazzled her at first; but now she felt that it would be impossible. This man, so far above her in rank, was greatly beneath her in intellect; she could not stoop to him that she might wear his titled honours. But to tell her father this would require some courage, for she stood in fear of him. She knew that tiger claws could dart suddenly from out the velvet exterior; she knew that those slender, white, ringed fingers, gliding so softly through the fair hair, would crush her very heart should it venture to set up its own happiness against his selfish aims and interests. And yet, dwelling on her mother's last words, striving to obey her wish in the spirit, and to the letter, she had thus far been a good and dutiful daughter to Walter Bernays.

"A girl of your very uncommon attractions should have brought him to the confessional by this time," persisted her father, still trying to read her face with his penetrating eyes. "Try to make a better use of your advantages for the future, you must draw him on—bring him to the point as soon as you can."

For some moments the girl's impetuous nature struggled with the vague fear, the self-enforced habit of outward respect which had hitherto held it in check. But the indignant scorn of all that was false and base, that had been swelling and striving voicelessly within her so long, forced its way into utterance at last.

She arose and stood before Bernays like a young queen, her slight figure drawn to its full height. Her nostrils dilated and her large eyes flashed fire.

"Father," she said, passionately, "I cannot, I will not do this mean and dishonourable thing you ask of me. I will not lure Lord Kingsford on to make me an offer. I feel that I am in a false position, and I despise and hate myself for its falseeness. There is no place for me among the nobles of the land. This young man, because my face pleases him, is as heedlessly eager to marry me as a child might be to obtain some toy he had set his heart upon, and would perhaps weary of me almost as soon. But the other day, when we met his sister, Lady Forsyth, in the park, she passed me with a look of haughty disdain, and Lord Kingsford coloured and seemed confused. No; I do not care for him, and I can never marry him. Let me go out into the world and earn my own living as a governess; I can do it, and I shall be able to respect myself then."

Walter Bernays looked thunderstruck for an instant; then he sprang up with an oath. He was in a white heat of rage, and his light eyes had a gleam in them like sharp steel. He looked as if he were about to strike her.

"What is it that you say?" he hissed through his clenched teeth. "Do you dare to tell me that you won't marry Kingsford, after all the trouble I have taken and the money I have spent upon you? Then by—you shall! Do you hear me, fool? Now go to your own room, and don't let me see you again till you have learned to obey me." He caught her roughly by the arm, put her out of the room, and closed the door.

About nine that evening the first of Mr. Bernays' visitors arrived. The August night was intensely, oppressively hot, and Leonore, whose chamber was on the same floor as the drawing-room, had the door open in addition to the window. In consequence of this she caught a glimpse of the guest—a glimpse only, but it was sufficient to convince her that this man was the same who had encountered her father in Baker-street a week or two ago, and with whom he had gone away, to the entire neglect of herself.

This ill-looking visitor entered the drawing-room, but did not close the door securely after him; the lock did not work readily, and the door, which he had supposed to be latched, dropped softly ajar to the extent of an inch or two when his hand had left it. Leo, standing near her own open door, taking a handkerchief from a drawer, heard her own name spoken. Her father was speaking angrily, and with oaths, of her unaccountable folly in refusing to marry the Earl of Kingsford.

"The young fellow has no idea of the value of money," he said; "he will sit down and lose a cool five hundred at *carte* without making a wry face."

"No," he explained, in answer to some inaudible remark from his companion. "Oh no, I don't pluck him unmercifully; it would 'nt do just now. I fairly give him the game sometimes. But when he is my son-in-law I shall get him to do something for me *en permanence*. He has plenty of money and plenty of influence, and of course he will not like to see so near a relative living by his wits and bearing a bad reputation;" and he laughed a laugh that was unpleasant to hear. The other said something about the beauty of his daughter.

"Yes," returned Bernays, "Leo is a pretty creature.

I knew I could make good capital of her charming face, or I should never have taken so much trouble about her. It was by the merest accident in the world that I met her first, and her beauty caught my fancy before I discovered who she was,—queer, wasn't it? But for her I should certainly not have gone back to a miserable, sickly wife. Luckily, however, she didn't live long to trouble me."

If he could but have seen that figure in the doorway—the quivering fingers clenched till they "bit the palm," the cheeks ablaze with crimson, the eyes whose flashing indignation had almost scorched up their tears!

Nothing more was said of Leonore or her mother that reached the girl's ears. The two men seemed to be discussing the expected arrival, whom they called "young Hyde," and whom they spoke of as being "uncommonly verdant," and as having a "governor" who would "cut up" well, whatever that mysterious expression might mean. Leo did not know, but she guessed. Presently he came in, a mere youth, whose years did not appear to exceed twenty. The drawing-room door was safely closed this time, and laughter, the clinking of glasses, and scratching of fuses became audible. The trio seemed to be growing convivial, even before supper. Then came a silence, only broken by occasional ejaculations, then laughter again, then supper. After this more clinking of glasses and scratching of fuses. Then another long silence, interrupted by sounds which told that they were playing cards. It was past midnight when "young Hyde" came out, very considerably heavier in the head and lighter in the pocket than when he had come in, Walter Bernays laughingly calling after him to be sure to look in the next evening to take his revenge. Leonore heard low talking and the sharp clink of gold, and then the shabby-genteel individual followed the unhappy victim he had assisted in defrauding through the front door.

Leonore turned away, filled with inexpressible disgust and horror. This man, whom she called father, was an adventurer, a gamester, worse still perhaps. She knew now that he was heartless and unprincipled. No longer would she be in his hands an instrument of deceit and

wrong; no longer would she live in luxurious idleness on his ill-gotten gains. Her mother—her good, tender mother would not have required it of her. She did not know the real character of the man she charged her to respect and love. No; she must leave him; but how? She had neither money nor friends. Stay! had she not one friend? Her heart gave a sudden bound as she thought of Lord Templeton. He had begged her if she ever needed a friend to remember him, and surely she required one now. Would he not have sufficient influence amongst his lady friends to procure her a situation as governess? Leonore lay awake till daylight wondering how she could best avail herself of his implied promise to aid her. She did not like either to call on him or write to him, her acquaintance with him being of the slightest. The next day, however, a happy accident decided the matter for her.

Longing for solitude and the free open air—for the very atmosphere of the house seemed to oppress her now—she slipped quietly out into the park, unmarked by any one, and, leaving the paths, wandered away over the soft grass where the trees were sprinkling it with quiet shadows.

She was walking slowly, her eyes bent upon the ground, for she was in deep thought, when she nearly ran against an invalid chair containing an old lady, and drawn by a grave elderly servant. She looked quickly up and saw, walking by its side, Lord Templeton.

Leo's face underwent a perfect transformation in its bright, instant kindling of lip, cheek, and eye.

"Oh, Lord Templeton," she exclaimed, impulsively, "I am so glad."

"Are you? So am I," he responded, smiling and holding out his hand.

But Leonore was very grave, almost tearfully earnest as she spoke.

"I wanted to see you—to ask you to help me. I am sure you were not speaking mere empty words when you so kindly told me to remember you if I should need a friend. I do need one very, very badly, and I could think of no one but you. Can you listen to me for five minutes?"

"For fifty, Miss Bernays," returned Lord Templeton. He spoke a few words to the invalid lady, and the chair moved slowly on.

Leonore told him what she wished with a deepening flush upon her face, and in pained, agitated tones.

"Lord Templeton," she said, "I must leave home without delay. I think you will understand why, and spare me the pain of telling you. I wish to be a governess. Do you not know of some lady who wants a governess at once?"

"You would really be a governess?"

"Oh yes, very gladly. I have been accustomed to teaching, and I can teach almost everything." This was said eagerly, but in no spirit of vanity.

Templeton stood gravely reflecting. No lady having grown-up sons or daughters old enough to enter society would probably care to receive so beautiful a girl into her household; and those of his lady friends who had not would scarcely be likely, on his recommendation—or rather, by his request—to give a young lady so unhappily circumstanced the position of instructress to their children.

"I fear that even with the best qualifications you could not be a governess—a resident governess, I mean," he confessed reluctantly.

"Why not?"

"You are too beautiful, for one thing," was his candid and smiling reply. "Would your father be willing to let you go?"

"No; I must go without his knowledge—escape would be the best word. I don't know what you will think of me for saying this; but indeed—I indeed I cannot help it. I would not leave my father in this way if I were not compelled to do so. He will be very angry, but he will not grieve for me, for he does not love me."

"Is he unkind to you?" exclaimed Templeton. He was holding her hand just as he had held it when she told him that she had no mother, holding it with a close, tender, yearning clasp, as if longing to protect and shield her from all pain and sorrow.

"It is not altogether that; but, Lord Templeton, I cannot stay with him; I am sure you can guess why. I believe you know more of my father than I do myself."

Templeton knew a great deal more than he could say to the daughter, but he looked very gravely on this aspect of the affair. To tell the truth he felt himself to be in an awkward predicament. The sight of the invalid chair slowly returning towards him gave him a sudden idea.

"Would you object to being a companion to a lady, instead of a governess, Miss Bernays?" he inquired. "My aunt, Mrs. Ashburnham, whom you saw me talking with just now, is in immediate want of one. The young lady who has been living with her in that capacity got married yesterday in a violent hurry, and has already set out for India with her new husband, leaving my aunt disconsolate. Do you think you could console her for her loss? She is old and very infirm, has nearly lost the use of her limbs in fact, and the affliction extends in a slight degree to the mind; but she would be very kind to you, and you would only have to read and sing to her, and pay her the little attentions a daughter would give her if she had one."

Leonore's eyes filled with grateful tears.

"I don't know how to thank you," she murmured.

So the matter was settled.

"Poor dear!" said the simple, kind-hearted old lady, when Templeton had, in a low aside, told her Leonore's story, so far as he knew it. "To be sure I will take her, bless her pretty face! How I shall like to see it about me!"

Leonore Bernays never returned to the house in York-terrace. She would have liked to have the simple wardrobe and the mourning dresses she had brought from Brussels, but she dared not attempt to remove them. As for the rich silks her father had purchased for her with money she now knew to have been dishonestly obtained, she felt that she could never have worn them again, even had they been in her possession. Mrs. Ashburnham very generously paid her a quarter's salary in advance, and she sent some money in a little note to the young French girl whom Mr. Bernays had thought fit to bring from her Parisian home, and whom he might probably leave to get back to it in the best way she could. She also wrote a few lines to her father, assuring him of her resolve to support herself by her own exertions for the future, and begging him not to seek her.

Mrs. Ashburnham's residence was a pretty villa in the Regent's-park; but the following day she left for Hastings, intending to winter there, and Leonore, of course, accompanied her. Mrs. Ashburnham had taken a house, on the Carlisle Parade, and a few days later Lord Templeton unexpectedly appeared, and took up his quarters at the Marine Hotel.

Had any one asked that rather reticent young nobleman why he had chosen to come to Hastings instead of joining his mother and sisters at Llandudno, he would probably have replied that he really didn't know—that it was a mere idle whim. But nobody did so. His simple-hearted old aunt only looked pleased, and shook his hand for a very long time, and Leo's beautiful young face lit up like a landscape touched by a sunbeam.

Hastings was looking its loveliest in the glowing August weather. The houses on the long parade were one immense *façade* of dazzling white, between a background of deep blue sky and a foreground of almost blue sea. The only touch of coolness about them were the green window shades. The beautiful watering-place was very gay this season, and bathing and boating, riding and driving, promenading in the lightest and brightest of toilettes, hunting for sea anemones and relics of the submerged forest at low tide, and lying, novel in hand, on the yellow-brown shingle in a delicious *dolce far niente*, were the order of the day.

To Leonore this new holiday-life was like a strange, beautiful dream. Not that much of the gaiety fell to her share; but the brightness and beauty about her made an atmosphere in which her heart leaped for joy. She had never before lived within sight or hearing of the sea, and now its every sound and aspect charmed her. She loved it when it lay asleep, lulled by the hot, still summer hush

—blue and stirlless as the sky that bent to embrace it; she loved it when it lay bright and changeful, with opal gleams of soft pure green, and delicate lilac, and rich, deep violet shades, and trailed by long purple cloud shadows; she loved it when the wind was rousing it into strong, grand, stormy life, and the great foam-streaked waves came roaring and plunging up the beach, to strike with a deep thunder-boom against the stone parapets, and dash their spray over them like the fall of a huge fountain.

Mrs. Ashburnham was too kind to confine this young girl, with her fresh, wide capacities for enjoyment, constantly to the side of her couch in the drawing room or her invalid chair on the parade and Lord Templeton was deputed by the good, unthinking old lady to show Leonore the "fions" of Hastings. So the two together climbed the West hill and looked over the ruined castle wall upon the "old sea town crouching beneath the rocks," and away over the green, far-swelling downs, and the grand sweep of ultramarine blue ocean, and across Pevensey Bay to the bold promontory of Beachy Head, white in the dim, silvery distance; they made expeditions to Fairlight Glen, and the church in the wood, and went down to the parade by moonlight to see the tide come in, when a strong south-west wind sent the debris of the waves that shattered themselves against the stone bulwarks dashing over the paved promenade into the road beyond, and there was plenty of fun and excitement in trying to escape a drowning.

And all this while Leonore was living in a dream—a beautiful, entrancing, dangerous dream. She did not think or reason; the time for that had not yet come. Her life was all feeling, passion, thrilling, blissful sensation. She only knew that she was no longer alone; that this man, who was in her sight the very embodiment of masculine grace and perfection, was constantly by her side, that his dark, proud eyes softened when they looked into hers, that his hand clasped hers warmly, that his voice was low and gentle when he spoke to her, and that she was very happy.

As for Hugh, Lord Templeton, if he shut his eyes and allowed himself to drift into a fool's paradise, he was more to blame, whatever the world might say, than this sensitive, passionate, impulsive girl, whose starved affections were twining themselves so closely about him. His blindness to all after results was more deliberate, more wilful. Reason told him that Leonore Bernays could never be his wife; he could just fancy the horror of his lady mother and sisters at the idea, and yet, despite his pride and selfishness, he was not base enough to try to tempt her into sin for his sake. But this beautiful, attractive girl—this girl whom he had so scorned his cousin for being weak enough to love, had now a place in his heart that he told himself he could never hereafter give to another woman. There were times when he dreamed like a romantic youth of twenty of

A lonely cot
In a woodland spot,
With a distant view of the changing sea,
And Leonore within it, making his happiness.
(To be concluded.)

WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLES BE? BY DR. HOLLAND.

OVER the cradle the mother hung,
Softly crooning a slumber song;
And these were the simple words she sung
All the evening long :—
"Cheek or chin, or knuckle, or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain,
When he awakens my babe again?"
Still as she bent and sang so low,
A murmur into her music broke;
And she paused to hear, for she could but know
The baby's angel spoke :—
"Cheek or chin, or knuckle, or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall my finger's touch remain
When I awake your baby again?"

Silent the mother sat and dwelt
Long on the sweet delay of choice;
And then by her baby's side she knelt,
And sang with a pleasant voice :—
"Not on the limb, O angel dear!
For the charms of its youth will disappear;
Not on the cheek shall the dimple be,
For the harbouring smile will fade and flee;
But touch thou the chin with impress deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep."

Poetry of the Eye.

By MARIA.
Author of "The Poetry of Tears," "About the Fairies," &c.
(Concluded from page 241.)



IN respect to the colour of eyes, poets differ. Generally, however, black eyes are considered the most brilliant and blue the most pleasing; brown are thought tender. Still, we must remember that it is the expression in the eye and not the colour that is the more important element. In his "Evangeline" Longfellow gives a sweet picture of his heroine's eyes :—
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside;
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!

Sir Philip Sidney constantly bewails "Stella's" eyes on account of their brilliancy :—

When Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes,
In colour black, why wrapp'd she beams so bright?
Scott, in "Rokeby," speaks of—
Matilda's dark and softened eye.
Shelley thus declares the power of dark eyes in his poem to "Constantia" :—

In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie.
Burleigh commends the hazel eye :—
From thine eye of hazel beams
A deeper, tenderer light.

Longfellow, in another passage, well describes the—
Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies.

In the "Gardener's Daughter" Tennyson alludes to a new variety :—
The full day dwelt on her brows and sunned
Her violet eyes.

The partisans of blue eyes are exceedingly numerous. In that colour certainly shine more amiability and gentleness, as Campbell exemplifies in Gertrude's eyes of blue :—

Eyes affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love what'er they looked upon.
Præd gives a delightful recipe for courtship :—
How shall I woo her? I will gaze
In sad and silent trance
On those blue eyes, whose liquid rays
Look love in every glance.

Owen Meredith, in his "Metempsychosis," exclaims :—
I was drunk with the light of her wild blue eyes.

Pringle praises the
Dimpling cheek, the deep blue eye.
Robert Bloomfield alludes to the modesty in the blue eye :—
I caught her blue eye's modest beam.

Coleridge pictures Christabel with
Both blue eyes more bright than clear.
Hiawatha woo's a maid with
Her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue eyes among the rushes.

And Tennyson exhibits his preference for blue when he writes :—
Let your blue eyes dawn
Upon me through the jasmine leaves.

Edwin Arnold pictures a heroine with
Calm and cold blue eyes.

Burns, in a song to a "Blue-eyed Lassie," shows the effect of her blue eyes upon him :—
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

Poets seem to experience great difficulty of choice between the black and the blue eye. Byron sensibly writes :—

An eye's an eye, and, whether black or blue,
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request;
'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue;
The kindest may be taken as the best.

Holmes re-echoes Byron's sentiment :—
The bright black eye, the melting blue—
I cannot choose between the two;
But that is dearest all the while
That wears for me the sweetest smile.

The power of the eyes is generally acknowledged. Just as Olympus shook at the nod of Jupiter, so it seems as if heaven and earth quake at every glance of the eye. Usually the eye is thought to be the exponent of love; Carew calls it "Cupid's nest." Still the eye can as well express hate or anger. Owen Meredith in the "Wanderer" invokes—

The lady of my life, whose lovely eyes,
Dreaming or waking, lure me.
Drayton has ascribed a more varied power :—
She raised a war, appeased a strife,
With turning of her eye.

It is a favourite custom of the poets to compare the eyes to flowers. Thus Pollock calls an eye
As violet meek.

And Milman, in the "Hobrew Wedding," gives a pretty picture of the bride's shrouded eye, which resembles
Violets when the dews of eve
A moist and tremulous glitter leave
On the bashful sealed lid.

And Carew completes the simile :—
In yon enamelled pansy by
There thou shalt have her curious eye.

Eyes certainly possess a language of their own. To express it, Lord Lytton has written a few stanzas, where, after seeking responses from eyes, which he calls now "silly books," and now "bright alchemists," he comes to the conclusion that "feelings are words for eyes." So Dibdin is forced to exclaim :—

In one soft look what language lies!
James Hogg thinks a smiling eye transcends all beauty.
There never was beauty that tongue could name
Like the smile of love in a fond young e'e.

Southey asks—
In fancy feel the magic of her eye.
Thomson praises Amanda's downcast eyes :—
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet.

A certain languidness in the eye is thought becoming. Thus Parnell refers to the
Languid lightness of thine eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight.

And William Hamilton :—
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling.

Tennyson, too, seems aware of the power of
The languid light of your proud eyes.

As he himself writes :—
The languors of thy love-deep eyes
Float on me.

The epithets the eye has received are almost infinite. Every poet acts as his fancy dictates; and, as the result, we have epithets which are at times incoherent; yet they give a fair insight into poets' natures. Cotton mentions killing eyes; Spencer, eyes of sapphire; Carew, star-like eyes; to Harrington's fancy, the shining eye seems a favourite; to Cowley, sunny eyes; to Laughton, lucid eyes; to Southey, wild eyes; to Hood, the laughing eye. Coleridge, in his "Ancient Mariner," calls to mind the weary eye, and in his peerless love-song pictures his Genevieve with downcast eyes. Rogers and Gerald Massey both praise the laughing eye. Milton, in almost the same breath, mentions the sunning and the twinkling eye. Pope brings up the jaundiced eye, and Spenser the wondering eye. Bailey, in his "Festus," favours beaming eyes; Hervey, flashing, and Prentiss flaming eyes. To Southey, the eye is wild; to Campbell, it is pensive; to Moultrie, wistful; to Poe, luminous; to George Meredith, cunning; to Willis it is sweet; and to Holmes, glorious. Elizabeth B. Browning commends the melodious and the winsome eye. Owen Meredith, who appears to have made himself thoroughly acquainted with optical beauty, speaks of eyes that are meek, deep, wanton, desolate, and lustrous. Tennyson adopts the latter epithets, and has others of his own—divine and melancholy. There are certain other epithets which have become stereotyped, as it were, in this matter, and which are everybody's property. The most important are lightsome, gladsome, scornful, eloquent, tender, glowing, angelic, azure, beguiling, dreamy; all of these are tossed about like balls from one poet to another, and, where an original or striking epithet is not wanting, serve quite usefully.

We have purposely refrained from touching on any but modern writers. Among the ancients the eye was held in the highest regard. Among our English writers we have omitted Shakespeare—not that he was insensible to the eye's influence; for allusions to the eyes sparkle up and down his writings—but from their very number it was difficult to select any more appropriate than others. Besides, Shakespeare was a dramatist. Still, there is a passage which can fittingly conclude this attempt to collect and digest poetical illustrations of the eyes in their varied phases :—

From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the true Promethean fire;
They are the arts, the books, the academics,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

Lilliput Lectures.

(A Second Series of Letters by "The Old Grumbler.")

III.—OF HIGH HEELS.

MY Dear Helen,—Dress must be one of the profoundest of studies, if, as we are assured in "Sartor Resartus; or, the Tailor Sewed Over," all appearance is but clothes. And I confess, my dear Helen, that I like to see everything, even what seems to be the slightest and most unimportant fact, as you watch it steadily, gradually stretch itself out into infinite proportions and relations. A child throws a pebble into the air, and, lo! the aerial undulations endlessly circling through space. Or a simple word is spoken, and whole lives and characters are affected to the furthest generation. Suppose Queen Elizabeth had said "yes" to the Duke of Anjou. Suppose Washington had said "no" to the invitation of the Continental Congress to the chief command. Or suppose that bright-eyed lady whose old portrait hangs in your father's dining-room had said "no" to your father's great-grandfather, would you and I be fellow-passengers upon the great journey, dear Helen?

As an old traveller, therefore, I find nothing too small to be regarded, and I have learned how large a part the picturesque details of costume play in the memory of travel. How much of Italy I saw, and still see, as I turn backward, in the dress of the Roman women beyond the Tiber! How much of Oriental life, of the Asian mystery, as Disraeli loftily calls it, I saw in the Eastern women! And how much of suggestion lies everywhere in every detail of the most familiar dress. The French, who used to be the chief authority upon that subject, said that a gentleman was determined by his gloves and boots. Perhaps a French gentleman is—or, more truly, a stroller upon the Paris boulevards. But there are a great many gentlemen who never wear gloves, and whose boots are far from beautiful. You see that the saying does not mean gentlemen at all, except in a very limited and conventional sense. It is akin to the aphorism that an actress can go mad safely only in white satin. But a man who is well gloved and well booted is a pleasant object, if his mind is not apparently concentrated upon his hands and feet.

And what, my dear young lady, do you suppose to be the significance of the observation? Is it not the wisdom of caring for the extremities—of finishing conscientiously and symmetrically? There are statues upon cathedral pinnacles, beyond the ordinary reach of the eye, as finely wrought as if they were to stand in drawing-rooms; and there are ornaments carved upon temples, where they can be seen only at the risk of life, which are as exquisite as the most obvious and accessible decorations. This is the care of the extremities. The artists worked in deference to the great idea of beauty. They wrought for faith, not only for sight. And I distinctly remember that when I saw one of the carefully booted and gloved gentlemen upon the boulevard in Paris I and thought of the Milan cathedral. It was one of the aerial undulations of the pebble tossed carelessly into the air. And I was instructed, when I saw you tripping along to church yesterday, my fair young friend. What do you

suppose to be the most famous shoe in the world! Not the sandal of Empedocles, but the glass slipper of Cinderella. Do you suppose it had a heel? Do you suppose that when the Prince asked, "Who is this beautiful lady?" Cinderella came hobbling in, as I saw you—forgive me, dear Miss Helen—hobbling to church? The fairy godmother indeed had high heels. I know that, for I have seen them in the picture. And witches have them; that I know because I have seen them in their portraits when they were riding upon broomsticks. But I have never fancied fairy godmothers and witches walking very steadily and gracefully. They hobble; and you, dear Helen, and all your young companions who wear high heels—you hobble also; you hobble horribly. And to hobble is to step uncertainly; so that, yesterday, if I had walked rapidly against you I really think that you would probably have fallen. Besides, you were forced to bend forward; you could not stand straight. Do you believe the prince would have been so enraptured with the beautiful Cinderella if she could not hold herself upright, nor step firmly and securely? When Virgil makes the stately woman say *incedo regina*—I walk a queen—do you suppose that she hobbled and bent forward? And when Byron sang long ago of Lady Horton, who has only lately died, "She walks in beauty," did the poet or does any reader imagine such insecure and appealing figures as you and your friends present, my dear young lady?

To wear high heels, then, fair friend, is to hobble, to be insecure, and to be unable to stand erect. I know how pretty they look in the shop windows. They are delicately made and dextrously curved, and sharpen to such a point, and they are so red and bright! But what a price to pay for delicacy, and pretty curves, and high colour! And then it is the fashion. Yes, it is the fashion, as patches and paint and powder have been the fashion. But were they not prodigiously foolish fashions? In Grand Cairo it is the fashion to hide all of the face but the eyes. You could submit to such a fashion, dear Helen, and still dazzle like Apollo peering through cloud rifts. But how with Julia, whose beauty is her teeth? How about Lucilla, with her cheeks of shell? Will you submit to every fashion? I tremble to imagine your answer. I tremble to think that if patches should return—and why should they not?—you and your lovely companions would all surrender to the abominable suggestion of cutaneous disorder, which that fashion irresistibly suggests.

I am too old not to concede the great truth that fashion often vindicates itself. When I was younger I remember what fun we found in the pictures of the hooped women of Queen Anne's time; and what queer little toilette pincushions, seemingly representing a draped hoghead surmounted by a woman's shoulders and head, stood upon the dressing-tables! But when the draped hogheads came into the drawing-room we did not laugh. It all seemed very proper; and I think that we should all laugh more heartily at your mother, my dear Helen, if she should appear in her bridal bonnet of thirty years ago, than we ever did at the pictures of the hooped ladies of Queen Anne. Every fashion gradually reconciles us to itself; but is it not always within certain limits? Would a fashion of making a lump upon one shoulder ever vindicate itself? or one of painting one cheek green and the other blue? Then there are limits; and when the fashion comes too near the verge, why not correct it? You, dear Helen, and your friends, dress as certain often very tasteless, and often disreputable, persons ordain. If fashion required you to stoop insecurely forward when you walk, why not refuse? If you must wear heels, why have them so high that you cannot stand erect? Certainly I would not have you make yourself ridiculous, and pain your friends, by deliberately rejecting the fashion. But I would only reasonably conform to it. That is the golden rule of manners—reasonable conformity.—Yours ever,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

CHILDREN.

THE paths which lead us to God's throne
Seem worn by children's feet;
So small, and yet so difficult,
Are ways by which we meet.

We cannot see his hidden plan,
Nor read life's story through,
Yet oftentimes we despair, as if
The work were ours to do.

Entwined cords of love and pain
Lead the young children on;
Why, then, should we forget to hope,
And think there's nothing done!

We cannot know their childish hearts,
We cannot learn their grief;
Though we, too, were but children once,
And years gone by are brief.

Who saw, at night, the stealing tear
Drop on the folded sheet;
Or guessed what formless midnight shape
Had chilled those little feet?

Who knew the hours of waking joy
In our green garden plot?
Those hours among the hollyhocks,
Whose beauty fadeseth not!

Days when the hidden steps of spring
Were heard, not understood;
When music from afar swept in,
Born of her dreamful mood.

Seasons when young Love hid his face
Through joyless, restless days!
The winter of the growing soul,
Whose summer still delays.

Glad thought to light the darkness path,—
A child's grief is not long;
Cloud's but lead in the strong, bright day,
The morning mist, her song.

A. W.

ACRES' MILK.—The *Milk Journal*, after referring to the Latin of asses' milk taken by the Roman ladies in olden times, strongly recommends its use to English ladies as an innocent cosmetic, though, it says, not inexpensive one, as it is retailed by a tradesman in the Edgeware-road at 5s. per quart.

Hobe in a Cottage; OR, SKETCHES FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

I.—RUSTIC COURSHIP.

O! H yes—I'll tell you the story,
The very words that were said.
You see the supper was cooking,
And I was slicing some bread,
And Richard came into the kitchen,
His face was exceedingly red.
And he opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me a glimpse of a ring;
And then—oh! yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing,
And Fanny came in with her baby,
The cunningest bunch of a thing.
The biscuits were out in a minute—
Well, what came next? Let me see—
Oh! Fanny was there with her baby,
And we all sat down to tea;
And grandma looked over her glasses
So queer at Richard and me.
But it wasn't till after the milking
That he said what he had to say.
How was it? Oh! Fanny had taken
The baby, and gone away—
The funniest rogue of a fellow—
He had a new tooth that day.

We were standing under the plum-tree,
And Richard said something low.
But I was tired and fluttered,
And trembled, I almost knew;
For old Red is the hardest of milkers,
And Brindle so horribly slow.

And then—let me see—where was I?
Oh! the stars grew thick overhead,
And we two stood under the plum-tree
Till the chickens flew up to bed.
Well, he loves me, and we're to be married,
And that is—about what he said!

H. L. BOSTWICK.

II.—THE SWEETS OF MARRIED LIFE.

I WISH I had a dozen pairs
Of hands this very minute:
I'd soon put all these things to rights—
Ah! gladly would I prove it.
Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it—
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants—
How will I e'er get through it!

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday,
And baby cross as he can live—
He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, 'tis getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning,
And here's Bob wants a button on—
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh dear! the baby's wailing!

Oh dear! if I—comes home,
And finds things in this bother,
He'll just begin and tell me all
About his tidy mother.

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the dinner bell rung—
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy!

And then will come some hasty word,
Right out before I'm thinking—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary half-sick wife
Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket money too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a *lass* / was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper,
chambermaid, laundress, dairy-woman, and scrub
generally, doing the work of six,
For the sake of being supported.

Mrs. F. D. GAGE.

III.—"OUR NEIGHBOURS," or, PETER BRYAN'S FAMILY.

(From the District Visitor's Note-book.)

P! PRETTY low down; 't would be hard to get lower;
Here's Pete (tell the lady "good day," and don't stutter);
He stays with his mammy down here in the cellar.
While Peter, his pap, spends his time in the gutter.

(Pete, stop your yarning!) Don't mind him, I beg, ma'am,
You see that to-day I'd have earned a bit scrubbin',
But Peter, his pappy, came home in a fury,
And left me so lame from a masterful drubbin'.

That all the day long I've sot achin' and groanin',
Scarce able to stir—what a wretch? no, I'm thinkin'
You don't know my husband. A finer don't live ma'am;
St. Matthew himself would be cross after drinkin'.

When Peter is sober, his better's not breathin';
And even when drunk he's not wrong altogether;
Last night he was hungry—and men can't be civil
With stomach and pocket both light as a feather.

The last cold potato he'd thrown at my head, ma'am,
But (Pete, stop your screamin') he didn't remember;
And I guess if your man had no victuals or cinders,
And was tipsy, beside, in the month of December,

Your bones would ache too, ma'am—mine might have been broken.

If Peter possessed no discretion or reason;
But one thing I'll say for my husband—his beatings
Are masterful hard, but he leaves off in season.

Jim Akers, he broke his wife's arm, one fine mornin',
By aid of an axe handle, right through the middle;
And Timothy Carnochan—brute that he is, ma'am—
Laid his good woman as dead as a fiddle.

Why don't I leave Peter? Oh, sure you're crazy!
And what is the reason his wife should forsake him?
It's jokin' you are—or you're after forgettin'
"For better or worse" I have promised to take him!

It's long been for worse, but all lanes have a turnin',
And love can make parks out of ditches, I'm thinkin';
You're heartless and hard, or you'd not be advisin'
A woman to go from her husband—for drinkin'.

What's that I do I love him?—a beautiful question
To ask a wife, and a mother beside, ma'am!
What need to say, "Yes"?—It's the love that compels me
To stick to him—no matter what may betide, ma'am.

He's little Pete's father! (O, child, stop your cryin'!)
Poor darling, he's weak, and his stomach is cravin';
He hasn't had nothing since yesterday mornin'—
Why, mercy! The child's forgot all his beavin'!

And gone without even a "Thank you!" but bless him!
'Tis hunger alone that could make him unceiv';
But there comes a staggerin' man down the alley—
Lord, save and protect us! 'Tis Peter, the devil!

You'd better be startin'—he's rough after drinkin',
And hardly polite to the people that greet him.
Good bye, ma'am—here, this is the way—come again, ma'am!
There, right round the stable. Thank God, she won't meet him.
F. W. EASTEBROOKS.

Blondes and Brunettes.

A CURIOUS CHAPTER FOR LADIES.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

THE blonde disappearing? Recent writers have stated a theory to this effect, supporting it with a mass of curious information. "The transition from blonde to brunette seems," says an ethnologist, whose observations have been very extensive, "to be going on in America with greater rapidity than elsewhere." The *Anthropological Review* supports this hypothesis, and proposes a solution in the principle of conjugal selection, with the observation that Englishmen generally prefer dark-haired women. Fair-haired women, argues the reviewer, are getting rarer than formerly, and the blonde appears to be in process of extinction. Mrs. Somerville, in her work on "Physical Geography," takes similar ground; remarking, from personal observation, apparently, that fair hair is less common among her countrymen and countrywomen than she remembers it to have been in her youth.

Dr. Beddoe, physician to the British Royal Infirmary, has collected some statistics by which to test the principle of a conjugal selection in favour of brunettes proposed by the reviewer. Particulars respecting the colour of the hair and the social condition of 737 women treated at the Royal Infirmary, he has sifted with apparent accuracy. Of the 737, 22 had red hair; 95 fair hair; 240 brown; 336 dark brown; and 33 black. Reckoning red, fair, and light brown as blonde, and dark brown and black as dark, the totals were nearly equal—367 fair and 369 dark. Of the 357, 32 per cent. were unmarried; of the 369, only 21.5 per cent. Dr. Beddoe regards his observations as certain proof that a larger proportion of fair-haired than of dark-haired women live and die unmarried; and, in place of Darwin's natural selection, proposes, copying the *Anthropological Review*, to refer the fact to conjugal selection. Dr. Beddoe's statistics seem to demonstrate that in this country a brunette is more likely to get married than a blonde—the latter as three to two. Not only this, but among dark-haired women themselves the probability of marriage is in proportion to the darkness of the hair. Of the women who came under his observation, among those having dark brown hair 22 per cent. were single; among those having black hair 18 per cent.

Observation supplies facts which indicate a similar preference in New York, where, other things being equal, a blonde's probabilities of passing the thirty corner without a husband are in excess of those of the brunette; while, on the other hand, the Virginian prefers blondes, and the Southerner of the Gulf States has a madness for them. In New York—an Anglo-Saxon city—on the contrary, dark eyes predominate, and the blondes are not one in six.

According to Roman authors whose testimony is concurrent, the Britons, Saxons, Gauls, Celts, and Germans, were all formerly blue-eyed and had red, yellow, or flaxen hair. To what extent the ancients were in the habit of colouring the ambrosial appendages is a question, however, that greatly modifies the apparent convincingness of the testimony. As early as the days of Solomon the horse guards powdered their hair daily with gold-dust, that glittered in the sunshine. Ælian compliments Atalanta because the colour of her hair, which was yellow, was not produced by any womanly art, but wholly natural; and it is known that the ancients had some process of dyeing the hair to the oft-quoted golden tint, though no writer has left on record the exact details of the operation. Tertullian reprimands his black-haired countrywomen of Carthage quite sharply. "They are constantly employed," sneers the African father, "in giving their hair a fair colour." Two centuries later, Jerome waxes indignant and fumes about the habit women had of dyeing their hair red—a fashion probably occasioned among Roman women by the partiality of their husbands for Claudia Rufina (the red-haired), whose appearance in Rome was the society sensation of its century. Claudia belonged, however, to an ancient British family; and competent authority asserts that the Britons, not content with the natura

colour of their tresses, which was yellow or flaxen, were very expert in the application of washes intended to brighten them.

The conclusion that the prevalence of blondes in the days of Cæsarism was due, in no small part, to artificial colouring, must be permitted considerable weight in modifying the evidence of ancient writers. The Romans had a madness for blondes; so to this day have the Italians. In Venice, so attests history, it has been, from time immemorial, a habit of the women to sit on the house-tops, where the heat of the sun is fiercest, that their tresses may take in the sheen and glory of the sunbeams. Washes were in common use, also, according to Mrs. Jameson. "Every one must remember," writes she, alluding to the Venetian tint, "in the Venetian pictures, not only the peculiar luxuriance, but the peculiar colour of the hair—of every golden tint, from the full shade of auburn to a sort of yellow, flaxen hue, or rather, not flaxen, but raw silk. I have often been asked if these pale golden masses of hair could always have been natural. On the contrary, the colour was often artificial."

Thus, having been properly filtered, the historical evidence that blondes are disappearing appears less conclusive than the advocates of the theory would be willing to admit. Altered modes of living, incident to civilisation, have, undoubtedly, affected the question to some extent—thus in cities blondes are rarer than in the rural districts; but, taking all the facts, counsel for the brunettes will find it necessary somewhat to modify his pleadings. Even in America, where the gradual inclination of the fair-haired type is supposed to be undeniable, the rule is comparatively inoperative in the rural districts, if, indeed, operative at all; although the inhabitants of cities, in the increasing predominance of brunettes, bear witness to its partial correctness.

City of brunettes as it is, New York can boast of more types of blondes than any other city, American or European; of rarer ones, too, than London, Copenhagen, Vienna, Berlin, or Venice with its beauties of the tawny hair, or even Naples with its modified reproduction of the laughing Venuses of ancient Greece; though the large-eyed, or, rather, the ox-eyed blonde of Lombardy—Teutonic-Italian, according to Mariotti—is almost incomparable. Two types of tall, golden-haired blonde are frequent in New York society. The hair of the first is tawny, and looks in the mass like raw silk. The head and face are of the Nell Gwynne contour, triflingly elongated; complexion like mother of pearl, with a light shining through it, but never coming to the surface, except in occasional blushes, though itself an ever incipient blush. The air of the second has more sunshine in it; partakes of the brilliant red rays, instead of the tawny yellow; and, in the complexion, the pink comes to the surface instead of shining through it. The contour of the head and face is that of Isabella Albrizzi, set in abundant masses of waveless golden hair; for while the hair of the former type falls in tawny waves, that of the latter drops in heavy, limp tresses of an Eastern length. Both have an inclination to slenderness and perfect civilisation of the extremities not found in their ancestry. The first descends from the Gothic Irish; the second from the Saxon-English. Both have blue eyes generally, opening long, like the eyes of mystics and day-dreamers. Blush-grey sometimes occur in the former type; in the latter, seldom or never.

There is a type of blonde women very peculiar and noticeable, though small as an elf, which one occasionally meets in the course of a promenade. The hair is between tawny and golden, and always wavy; eyes never blue, and never grey—always brown or hazel, but reddish so; the *cortice* looking as if subject to a very slight inflammation. The round face laughs with exuberant vitality, the form rounded and laughing with the same predominance of vital energy; for, after all, the old Latin poet expressed a very subtle idea in a very subtle way, when he applied ridiculous (from *ridere*, to laugh) to the roundness and vivid motion of a mouse; and it would be graphic, though perhaps flippant, to parody the phrase, and term this type the little ridiculous blonde. There is an infectious laughter in the very motion of its representatives, just as there was in the little Horatian mouse. This blonde has a complexion of the sandy sort, freckled all over with great irregular freckles of the same colour, though of a deeper shade. The most fascinating freckles imaginable they are, too; contributing to beauty somewhat as dimples contribute to it in the face of a Greek girl. The fourth blonde of the enumeration is equally small, equally well rounded, but more cephalic, and may be denominated the cephalic gold blonde. At eighteen, the hair is like a mass of sunbeams, though it darkens with years, in the end putting on the swarthy of gold bronze. When the light glints athwart it the gold is visible even at the last; but else it is brown, with a dash of gold only—always wavy, but never curly. Grey eyes—light grey, with a pupil that dilates till the eye seems velvety black—belong to this type by right of inheritance. The face is pyramidal, like that of Dante's Beatrice; the ears are pink shells. The contour, delicately cut and cameo-like, indicates brain and nerve, rather than softness. Pity the poor mortal who permits himself to be fascinated into a flirtation with her. She secretes regardless of the consequences; is sensitive as a poet; imaginative, dazzling, and delusive as a Will-o'-the-Wisp. With the stately gold or the little ridiculous you may play moth without immediate danger of getting your wings singed; but with this galvanic battery of a creature it is safer not to trifle at all, unless you propose to capitulate unconditionally. The complexion is white satin suffused with pink; the nose Apasian. Miss Brontë, author of "Jane Eyre," had the forehead and mouth of this type, which—itsself a bundle of nerves—a ganglion, with just *physique* enough to string its nerves upon—is the Arabian courser of them all, and, of them all, emphatically the aristocrat. There are two types of auburn blonde, as there are two types of the tall, gold blonde—the tawny-haired, and she of the red-gold tresses.

The first has hair of deep, almost fire-like auburn, with tropical eyes now and then, but oftener with brown eyes

that have a reddish light in them—sometimes sullen and dangerous; more generally flickering and amber-like. Ancient Egyptian blondes were of this style, which might be termed the Cleopatra or tropical.

The lymphatic blonde, with complexion like opaque opal, and masses of opaque flaxen hair, descends from the German, and occurs so frequently as to be typical. Not so the Jewish blonde, with red or golden hair, regular features, and blue eyes—examples of which are rare enough to be regarded as exotic. It is frequent, however, in Constantinople and Northern Africa, and examples of it crop out occasionally among the Jews of New York.

The Ladies' Hair Market.

(By the Daily Telegraph's Special Commissioner.)

THE show of human hair at market to-day was but moderate. South German light reds and flaxen were most in request. A limited number of real grey heads fetched a large figure, but common grey bristles were a mere nothing. There was some in-bales from Roumania excited some curiosity. Some heads of Japanese hair were shown; but though of good length, it was very coarse. Dead hair was well represented, and realised somewhat higher rates than those quoted last week. The sensitive reader need not be alarmed; this is not a clipping from a newspaper "market report." It is merely a prophetic foreshadowing of what we must one day come to, should the present prevailing mania for wearing hair that is "false" continue to afflict woman-kind. Already has the demand for the "article" attained such prodigious dimensions, that the weight annually imported is estimated by tons. It is in fact difficult to realise, even when one finds himself in a warehouse, surrounded on every side by chignon and wig material, each head of hair resembling a miniature horsetail, tight bound at the butt-end, which looks not unlike a discarded and stump-worn house-painter's brush.

Into such a warehouse it was recently my privilege to penetrate—a London warehouse, one of several, but the one which commands the largest amount of business. I was not fortunate in the selection of a time for my visit. The stock was running low, and a trifling consignment of seventeen hundredweight or so was at that moment lying at the docks till a waggon could be sent to fetch it away. But what remained of the impoverished stock was enough to inspire me with wonder and awe. On a sort of bench, four or five feet in width, and extending the whole length of the warehouse front, the before-mentioned "tails" were heaped in scores and hundreds; in the rear of this was another bench similarly laden; all round about were racks thickly festooned; under the great bench were bales, some of them large almost as trusses of hay; and there was the warehouseman, with his sturdy bare arms, hauling out big handfuls of the tightly-packed tails, and roughly sorting them.

I should imagine that a greater number of pretty lines have been written on women's hair than on anything else in creation. Lovers have lost their wits in its enchanting tangle; poets have soared on a single lovely tress higher than Mother Shipton ever mounted on her celebrated broom; but I question if the most delicious of the whole hair-brained fraternity could have grown rapturous, or even commonly sentimental, over one of these bales when, with his knife, the warehouseman ripped open the canvas and revealed what was within. Splendid specimens, every one of the tails. Eighteen or twenty-inch lengths, soft and silky in texture, and many of rare shades of colour—chestnut, auburn, flaxen, golden—and each exactly as when the cruel shears had cropped it from the female head. It was this last-mentioned terribly palpable fact that spoiled the romance. Phew! One hears of the objectionable matters from which certain exquisite perfumes are distilled; but they must be roses and lilies compared with this raw material out of which are manufactured the magnificent head-adornments that ladies delight in. As to its appearance, I will merely remark that it gave one the "creeps" to contemplate it. Misinterpreting my emotion, the good-natured gentleman who accompanied me hastened to explain that the fair maidens of Southern Germany, to whom these crowning glories had originally belonged, did not part with the whole of their crop. "More often than not," said he, "they will agree to sell but a piece out of the centre of their back hair, and under any circumstances they will not permit the merchant's scissors to touch their front hair." Time was when I should have derived consolation from this bit of information; but now I could not avoid the reflection what a pity it was, for sanitary reasons, that they did not have their heads shaved outright. "Is it all in this condition when you first receive it?" I ventured to inquire. "As nearly as possible," was my friend's bland rejoinder.

The lot under inspection, a little parcel of a couple of hundredweight, came from Germany. The human hair business has been brisker in that part of Europe than anywhere during the past few years, on account of its yielding a greater abundance of the fashionable colour, which is yellow. Prices have gone up amongst the "growers" in consequence. The average value of a "head" is about three shillings. As well as I can understand the matter, however, the traffic in human hair is based on pretty much the same business principles as those which find favour with the "old clo'" fraternity among ourselves; articles of china and glass for an old coat or a brace of cast-off shoes—a pair of Brummagem earrings, a yard or two of flowered chintz, or a pair of shoe buckles, for a cut out of the back hair of the German peasant maiden. The hair buyers—or "cutters" as they are technically called—are pedlars as well, and never pay for a shearing with ready cash when they can barter. It comes from Italy as well as from Germany, and recently from Roumania. I was informed that an attempt has been made to open a trade with Japan; but, though the Japanese damsels are not unwilling, at a price, to be shorn for the adornment of the white barbarian, the

crop, although of admirable length, is found to be too much like horsehair for the delicate purposes to which human hair is applied.

Brown hair, black hair, hair of the colour of rich Cheshire cheese, hair of every colour under the sun, was tumbled in heaps on the counters before me, including grey hair—not much of it, as much, perhaps, as might be stuffed into a hatbox; but there it was, the hair of grandmothers.

But I had yet to be introduced to the strangest branch of this very peculiar business. I had inspected packs, heaps, and bales of human tresses of every length, colour, and texture; but every hair of it had been shorn, living and vibrating, from the human head. Now I was invited to look at a lot of "dead hair," in a bale which would make a Covent-garden porter of only average strength shake at the knees before he had gone a hundred yards. "This is a very extraordinary kind of article," said my kind informant, as he ripped open the stout cloth covering. "This is the 'dead hair' you read of in newspapers and magazines." Involuntarily I edged a little further from the gash in the canvas. "But is it really dead hair—hair, that is to say, that has been—?" "Buried and dug up again?" my friend blandly interrupted; "not exactly, though that is the blundering popular impression. This, my good Sir, is an article that is not cut from the head. It is torn out by the roots. It all comes from Italy." "Torn out by the roots! What! violently?" "Violently, my dear Sir." I trust that my look of incredulity had nothing of rudeness in it. Could it be possible that the ladies of Italy were as terribly quarrelsome that—; but, observing my perplexity, my friend hastened to explain. "Torn from the head with gentle violence, I should have said, and with weapons no more formidable than the brush and the comb. When I hold the head"—let the hair be living or dead, he called every separate hank of it a "head"—"to the light, you will see that every hair has its root attached, and all that you see here is only a small part of the bulk that finds its way every year to the market. It is simply the hair that becomes detached from the heads of Italian women in the ordinary process of combing and brushing. As a married man, you may know what happens when a lady brushes her hair; she will pass a comb through the brush, give the detached waif of hair a twist round her finger, and loop it somehow to keep it tidily together till it is thrown away. A like habit with Italian women is the mainspring of our English dead-hair supply. In the poor districts of Italy especially the little twist of waste hair finds its way to the washing-basin, and so to the street gutter, out of which it is fished by the scavenger. From his hands it passes for the merest trifle into those of the knowing ones, who know how to disentangle the ugly little tufts, to arrange them as to length and colour, and send them to market as you here see them."

As I saw them, they differed little from the thousands of other "heads" piled on all sides, except that they were somewhat shorter. Indeed, they were cleaner-looking; but, after what I had heard about them, it was difficult to contemplate them without a shudder. They were worth a third less as a marketable article than "live" hair, I was informed; but the supply was abundant, and many hundredweights were used in the course of a year. Many hundredweights; and about two ounces will make a respectable chignon! It is a dreadfully unpleasant fact, ladies, but so it is. To be sure, the perfect machinery used in the preparation of human hair before it finds its way into the hands of the hairdresser ensures its absolute cleanliness; but it is not nice to reflect that at the present time hundreds of your lovely sex are crowned with Italian peasant-women's brush-combings, consigned first to the slop-basin and then to the street kennel, to be resented therefrom by the rake of the scavenger.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

APRIL 30. SUNDAY.—Third Sunday after Easter.
MAY 1. Monday.—Jupiter and Venus in N.W. evening.
2. Tuesday.—Sun rises 4.33 A.M.
3. Wednesday.—Venus S. 10 P.M.
4. Thursday.—Full moon 11.1 P.M.
5. Friday.—Napoleon I. died, 1821.
6. Saturday.—Clock after sun 3min. 33sec.

Our Letter Basket.

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AGENT FOR FRENCH AND CONTINENTAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
Mr. Kinnear, 90, Rue de Lafayette, Paris.

POOR GENTLEWOMAN (Sydenham).—The new society for the sale of ladies' work, about which you seek information, has its head-quarters at 27 A, North Audley-street, W. Letters should be addressed to the superintendent, C. Wyman, from whom the rules may be obtained.

J.H.S., E.R.C., and many others, shall receive answers in our next number.

MISS A.—Four or six ruffles a finger deep alternately boxed and ruffled, the lower edge bound or hemmed, the upper covered by the flounce above it, form a stylish trimming for black silk suits.

MRS. F. H. S.—Very few over-skirts require lining. They are made bouffant by drawing instead of by stiff lining. Wide, flat-pleated flounces may be either straight or bias, and are stitched flatly an inch from the top and bottom.

COUNTRY GIRL.—It is proper for a young girl to wear mourning for her intended husband. Milliner's folds are narrow bias folds of silk lapped on the outside, but the seam concealed.

M. E. B.—Have your crape shawl dyed a fine black, and

make a paletot, and, if possible, an upper skirt to wear over black silk dresses or with white ones.

VIOLET.—That a lady dislikes flowers certainly is not proof positive that she lacks refinement; though a love for them may be regarded as presumptive evidence that she possesses it.

STUARTIA.—The German verse will do very well for an infant's tombstone, if you insist on this kind of monumental inscription. But to your mind the simple record of name and age is in far better taste than any hackneyed lines could be. Elaine is pronounced *El-ane*, and Gunevere *Gune-ver-e*.—The character of host enforces on you even greater restraint than that of guest in speaking your mind freely; in this respect neither your own house nor your neighbour's is strictly neutral ground.—We can give you no information about the advertised article other than is contained in the advertisement.

Mrs. E. C. A.—Black glacé silk is not pretty for a girl of thirteen unless she is in mourning. As you have worn mourning so long, you can wear lustreless black silk, and wear your laces, velvets, and fringes with it.

O. L.—The clergyman you mention is a Methodist.—We cannot think of establishing a definition so delicate as the age at which a lady may be called elderly; moreover, this age is as shifting as the quicksands, and depends on so many other circumstances than mere years that we must leave each individual to settle it for herself.

OUR EXCHANGE.—We have forwarded letters to "Queen Mab," "Ladybird," and "Lina."



SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1871.

PARLIAMENTARY JOTTINGS FOR LADIES.

MR. LOWE'S budget has, of course, formed the one all-absorbing Parliamentary question of the week, at least so far as the general public are concerned. This was brought on by the right hon. gentleman on Thursday night, last week, in a full House, and was received with marked attention and little of the disfavour that has since been shown towards it. The estimated expenditure being 72,808,000*l.*, and the revenue being estimated at 69,595,000*l.*, there was, Mr. Lowe stated, a deficiency of 2,713,000*l.* How to make provision for this sum was a matter upon which many suggestions had been offered. He was told that he might tide over the difficulty by borrowing, but he declined to avail himself of this popular but discreditable mode of getting out of the difficulty. It was proposed to abolish the distinction between probate and legacy duty, and to charge all personal property, whether the owner died intestate or not, with a duty of 2 per cent. Legacies left by English subjects dying in foreign countries would also in future be chargeable with duty. Further, as there was a fair case for a moderate increase in the succession duty, it would be raised in the case of the first lineal descendant from 1 to 2 per cent., and in the case of brothers from 3 to 3½ per cent. Borrowing next a hint from our transatlantic friends in the United States, it was intended to impose a half-penny tax on every box containing 100 or less wooden lucifer matches, and a penny stamp upon similar boxes of wax matches and cigar-lights. To make up the deficit which would still remain it was intended to raise the income tax from 4d. in the pound to a percentage of 2½*ds.* per 100*l.*, being equivalent to rather more than 6½*d.* in the pound. This week, however, the opposition to at least one of these imposts—that on the matches—increased to such an extent, that on Tuesday Mr. Lowe signified his intention of withdrawing the impost from the budget.

Nothing else has taken place either in the Upper or the Lower House of sufficient importance to call for mention here.

AT an inquest held by Dr. Lankester on Saturday at Paddington, on the body of an unvaccinated child, four years old, who had died of small-pox, the coroner made some pertinent remarks on the spread of the frightful scourge that deserve to become widely known, and should galvanise our sluggish, obstructive parish and other authorities into something like determined and united action. Dr. Lankester said that the householder ought to make a report of every case of small-pox that occurred in his house, or in default be liable to a penalty. Registration also ought to be compulsory, for it was through registration that children could be traced. Then, a thorough system of inspection and vaccination should be carried out in every parish and a disinfecting apparatus erected; it was no good doing things by halves. For nine months past, Dr. Lankester added, he had been warning the guardians of the spreading of this disease. The epidemic was increasing, and would find its way into the families of the higher classes, one means being new clothing, which was made in the fever and small-pox stricken homes of poor tailors, needlewomen, dress-makers, and others, who kept the state of their homes from the knowledge of their employers. The clothes became infected, and carried death and disease into the mansions of the upper and governing classes, who, up to the present time (to their great disgrace), had exhibited an utter disregard to the ravages of this frightful disease, through which so many thousands of lives had been lost. In London alone, Dr. Lankester said, small-pox had cost considerably over a quarter of a million sterling. The foreman of the jury, a master tailor, said, in reply, that he could not bear out the statement made by the coroner—that small-pox was transmitted in new clothing. During the week he found out that the disease was in the home of one of his journey-

men, who had two coats in hand, and he, for the protection of his customers, burnt them, and ordered another man to make new ones. This very statement, however, honourable as it is to this particular employer, tells in the very opposite direction to that anticipated, and only clenches Dr. Lankester's arguments. What if this master had not heard of the outbreak of small-pox in the house? And surely this supposition is not an extravagant one, when we consider that it is to the interest of the workmen in most cases to mask the existence of the disease in their homes. Or, again, can we, by any stretch of the imagination, bring ourselves to think that all employers, or any but a very insignificant minority, would have acted in an equally conscientious and unselfish manner? We trow not; and hence the dangers that Dr. Lankester indicates really seem of a very serious and pressing kind.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton, undoubtedly one of the most distinguished writers of the day, has just appeared in a new character—that of a martyr to parochial muddle. She has refused, on principle, to pay her rates, and is engaged in legal warfare in the hope—the somewhat Quixotic hope we fear—that she will emancipate her species from the tyranny of the rate collector, and inaugurate a new era in which nobody will pay his rates unless he is satisfied that his vestry has fairly earned them. It seems Mrs. Norton has given up the practice of paying rates to such an extent that the parish authorities claim from her no less than 30*l.* 2*s.*; and finding that no persuasion could induce her to let them have this money they proceeded against her in the Marlborough-street Police-court. Nothing can elevate humanity above the grovelling liabilities which beset all householders alike. Even as a butcher or baker might be summoned, so has the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover-square, dared to summon the authoress of "Lost and Saved" and "La Garaye." But at the police-court it appeared that Mrs. Norton had her own reasons for refusing to pay the rates. She explained that she had paid quantities of rates in former times, including paving rates, but in spite of this generosity she suffered great inconvenience in her house from the dampness caused by the defective state of the pavement. She could not understand why she should be called upon to pay rates when it was evident that the money did not go in the direction for which it was levied, as far as paving was concerned. It seems pretty clear, however, as the *Standard* points out, that while the vestry might be brought to book for neglecting the parish pavements if proper measures were taken to that end, no tribunal can uphold a ratepayer who refuses to pay his rates merely because he is satisfied in his own mind that the pavements have been neglected; for were this principle once established, ninety-nine ratepayers out of every hundred all over the metropolis might not, improbably, at once be seized with an ineradicable conviction to the effect that their pavements were neglected. Mr. Knox, the magistrate, apologetically signed a warrant to levy on Mrs. Norton's goods for the amount of the rates due, and the lady, in leaving the court, expressed her determination to appeal to a higher tribunal.

The *Saturday Review* devotes, this week, an article to young ladies' boarding-schools, with special reference to the schoolmistresses or lady superintendents, and many harsh things are urged against them, true in part, may be, but, as a whole, like most tirades against the sex in this journal, gross exaggerations. In conclusion, the reviewer throws out the suggestion whether much of the helplessness of adult women may not be referable to the common modes of school-training. However much, says the writer, we may value the restraining power of mere conventionality over the sex, "there are not wanting signs that this dependence is apt to be too slavish, and to work for evil as well as for good. The habitual incapacity of women to judge of the inherent rightness or wrongness of a thing apart from any appeal to a current commonplace might, we think, with a good show of reasoning, be explained not so much by an intellectual deficiency as by an excessive early compression of the activities. No doubt want of knowledge will often account for this incapacity. Thus, for example, it may be presumed that a fair amount of physiological information would impress on our women of fashion the evil of that excessive stimulation to which their exhausting life tends to drive them. But even more needful perhaps than this intellectual training is a previous practice in unfettered individual action. Excess of restraint in early life without any gradual leading up to self-dependence must generate a lasting habit of timorous supineness before the dictum of others. A boy who suffers from this excess will probably counteract its influence by force of constitutional hardness; but a girl offers less resistance to coercion; and hence it is, probably, that so few girls leave the boarding-school with any considerable power of independent moral judgment."

Another of those unhappy cases that have only too frequently been made public of late, in which the husband refuses to pay for goods delivered, on a plea of the wife's extravagance, has just been legally settled.

The action, brought by a Mr. Watkins against a gentleman named Scott, was to recover no less a sum than 150*l.* for goods supplied to the wife, the husband denying his liability. The plaintiff was an upholsterer and house furnisher, carrying on business at Gloucester-road, Primrose-hill, and the defendant was a gentleman residing at Rattling Hope, Manor House, near Stourbridge. The defendant and his wife, it appeared, had lived on very unfriendly terms, the difference between them arising from the defendant's impression that his wife was too extravagant, the result of which was that, on the 7th of November, 1865, there was a deed of separation drawn up and executed by them, under which the wife was allowed 400*l.* a-year. Shortly after, however, the parties came together again, when that deed was cancelled, and a postnuptial arrangement was made, whereby the defendant and his wife consented to live together, the defendant paying his wife 400*l.* a-year, which was to be expended in providing the house with everything except rent, rates, and taxes. Under that settlement they resided in the Regent's-park-road for some time, when they again parted, the defendant giving up the house in the Regent's-park-road, and sending the furniture to the Bedford Pantheon to be taken care of. Mrs. Scott left the country and came to London, and selected a house in the Adelaide-road, when the furniture was handed over to her trustees and placed by them in the house she had taken in the Adelaide-road, and at the same time she gave an order to the plaintiff for the articles mentioned in his bill, which consisted of some very handsome looking-glasses and furniture of different kinds. The questions involved in the case were, first, whether the sum of 400*l.* a-year was a reasonable sum for the defendant to supply his wife with, and, secondly, whether she had a right to pledge her husband's credit for the goods she had ordered. The defence was that Mrs. Scott was a very extravagant lady, and that it was on account of her extravagance that these unpleasant circumstances had occurred. Mr. Scott's net income was 800*l.* a-year, out of which he allowed his wife 400*l.* a-year, with the distinct understanding that he should not be liable for anything beyond that sum. She had been paid her income regularly, but, notwithstanding, he had had to pay debts to a large amount that had been sent to him by other tradesmen; and his mother, who was a lady of property, living at Stourbridge, had been obliged to give him 500*l.* a-year in order to pay the debts his wife had incurred. The jury, after hearing the evidence, returned a verdict for the defendant, and the unsuspecting tradesman, though possibly from no fault whatever of his own, will be the sufferer to the amount claimed.

New Books.

East and West, edited by the COUNTESS SPENCER (Longmans), is in many respects a noteworthy volume. It shows that Belgravia is not wholly insensible to the claims of Whitechapel, that St. James's no longer ignores the existence of St. Giles's. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than a plain and unvarnished but suggestive record of an effort that is being made by a band of ladies, organised as the "Supplemental Ladies Association," and forming a branch of a still larger body called the "Parochial Mission-women Association," to grapple with the poverty and dirt and wretchedness of East London. We have not space here to summarise the details given by Lady Spencer, illustrating the extensive and valuable labours of the Mission-women under the superintendence and assistance of the committees of West-end ladies; but to all readers interested in the remotest degree in home mission-work we cordially recommend the perusal of this new chapter in the annals of the London poor.

The Sunday-schools of the Future, by MARIANNE FARNHAM (James Clarke and Co.), is not, as the reader might possibly infer from the title, an entrenchment on Dr. Cumming's peculiar ground, but is simply a series of short, sensible, practical papers on effective Sunday-school management, by a warm-hearted Sunday-school teacher. It is a book rather for junior teachers just entering upon the work than for veterans in the service, the heart rather than the head having played the principal part in its conception and production.

Our Duty to Animals, by Mrs. CHARLES BRAY (Partidge), is a sensibly written and prettily illustrated little work, that has been prepared, to quote the words of the author, in accordance with the second resolution defining the objects of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—namely, "that the duty of humanity to animals ought to be systematically inculcated in our schools," and especially in national and ragged-schools. The lessons are well drawn up, short, and to the point, and the facts seem to have been selected with care and judgment. We can commend the book for use alike in the school and the home circle.

The Illustrated Primer, by OLD HUMPHREY, and revised by T. B. S. (same publisher), may also be recommended for similar purposes.

Lilliput Lectures, by the Author of "Lilliput Levee" (Strahan), is another work for children, but it is altogether of a higher class than the two last mentioned, useful as they may be in their way, and indeed it would scarcely be understood, at least in part, by those to whom the others would prove most acceptable. It is a work that, both as regards the subjects and manner of treatment, might be read to the children by the majority of middle-class parents with infinite advantage not only to their youthful auditors, but themselves. The lectures cover

The Latest Fashions.

WHAT most attracts the observer of the newest models in bonnets, whether English or French, is the difference in trimming from the style of last season. Now everything is massed round the crown, and the front or headpiece of pretty straw is frequently left bare, or perhaps softened by a narrow row of lace. The standing trimming round the crown makes the back of the bonnet quite as high as the front, instead of permitting it to recede, as was the style lately. The high-rolled coronet is untrimmed on the outside, but is faced with silk and surmounted by a full ruche of tulle or lace, while a silk pleating, showing only the ends of the pleats, passes through the centre of the ruche. Deep capes, soft, without stiff lining, of double silk in box-pleats, fall over chate-laine braids. These bonnets are very becoming to young ladies.

A model especially attractive is of English split straw, with a lining of thick gros grain ribbon, in the stylish scarlet green, an ivy wreath, tiny white flowers, and scarlet buds. A shaded bonnet of cuir-coloured straw, piped on the edge with darker brown, had a full-pleated ruche of India silk, dark brown, with lighter centre round the crown; brown aigrette on the side; dark ostrich feather, and ribbon of two shades, drooping behind. A sewed clipped bonnet of purest white had a deep navy blue ribbon, forming a band round the crown, and holding erect a blue velvet pleating; large white rose with frost-brown leaves on the side; ruche of black lace in front. A Charlotte Corday cap with soft crown, high behind, and a coronet front, is of black dotted Brussels net. An ivy wreath with scarlet berries makes the face trimming, a scarlet Frou-frou gauze scarf entwines the crown; a pompon is on the left side; a lace fall and ribbon loops behind. Lovely bonnets of royal pink, or of mauve gauze, are draped all over with tulle of the same shade,

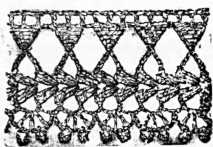


Fig. 113.—CROCHET EDGING.

and ornamented with ostrich tips. These are for full dress, and are expensive.

ROUND HATS.—A scarf of gauze, or of gros grain, is used for trimming round hats. One scarf-end, wide and sloped bias, is pendent behind, instead of two, as was lately worn. A standard hat for town wear has a broad flat-topped crown with rolled brim, faced with black gros grain. A black Frou-frou gauze scarf two fingers wide, laid in many folds round the crown, is fringed, and pendent behind. A cluster of thick puffs of blue or rose silk is on the left side. For the seaside and country resorts are broad-brimmed Maud Muller hats, the brim having three pipings of black velvet; dark blue or brown scarves round the crown, with blackberries, white flowers, and green-leaved sprays intermingled.

A Frenchy little hat, dented at the sides à la Watteau, is suitable for summer visiting in the country. A white Organdy pleating, edged with Valenciennes, is laid under the brim. A wreath of blue daisies is round the crown. A Marie Stuart coiffure of organdy and lace, with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon above the lace, is laid on the crown, the point in front, and long scarves of the same hang at the side. Blue gros grain ribbon bow on top of the crown, with ends behind. An elastic under the chate-laine for fastening.

CORSETS.—Now that waspish waists are no longer admired, the plump, supple figures that fashion dictates require easy-fitting corsets, shaped to adapt themselves ready to the figure, and give the necessary support. To secure an accurate, and withal a stylish fit, the corset must have great fullness for the bust and hips, and ample length, both back and front, to fall in with the natural taper of the waist. The improved glove-fitting corsets, manufactured by Messrs. Thompson, possess these requisites, and are now preferred by most ladies to any other kind. They are filled with very flexible bones, and are moulded over steam, to show the beautiful roundness of the bust and hips. Their price has been the objection hitherto, but they are now made cheaply of substantial coutil, in as good shape as the qualities that cost much more. There are many qualities of these corsets. Ladies who are fond of wearing scarlet woollen corsets in winter will be pleased with the new pale rose-coloured corsets, made of cotton coutil, for summer wear. Misses' corsets, in sizes ranging from sixteen to twenty-four inches, are made of white coutil, with the gores and graceful curved seams of the glove-fitting principle. The new ventilating corsets have the centre gore that passes round the waist to stay the body and permit the strain, made of coutil, while the upper and lower gores are of open-worked material. A luxury for midsummer is the gossamer perfumed corset, made of perforated canvas, with the few elastic bones shielded by light corded goods. These corsets are put through an elaborate fumigating process, and those made a year ago retain their faint, pleasant odour.

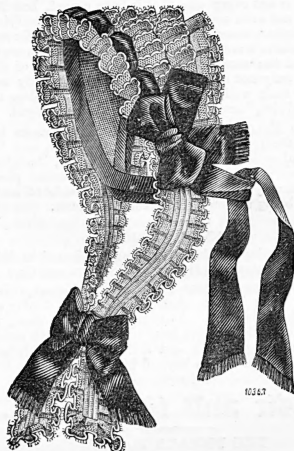


Fig. 111.—CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.

GLOVES.—Long-wristed kid gloves without ornamental stitching are the first choice with ladies of taste and fashion. Those fastened by two or three buttons are worn with street toilettes; still longer gloves are for full dress. The spring tints for day wear are mode colours, tan, and wood shades.

HANDKERCHIEFS.—New handkerchiefs for dressy occasions have a two-inch hem, with a band of Valenciennes insertion inside the hem, and a medallion of Valenciennes in each corner. Large initial letters are needle-worked on muslin, and sold to be transferred to handkerchief corners, for marking them in an ornamental way.

NECKTIES.—Neckties for spring are of soft twilled India silk, cut bias, and hemmed on the edges. The delicate fisherman's green and faintest sky blue are worn by blondes, pale rose and Frou-frou buff by brunettes. Striped silk ties, half-inch stripes of a colour alternating with white, are new this season. Straight ties have knotted fringe at the ends, and are raveled on the sides also. The sailor knot is almost universally worn, bows being the unfashionable exception. Some pretty ties, to be worn with shaded suits, are of bias silk, of the lightest shade in the costume, bound with silk of the darkest shade. Any becoming colour of silk, edged with narrow Valenciennes edging, makes a pretty tie to wear with black silk dresses. A pale-blue, or else a blue-green



Fig. 112.—WALKING TOILETTE FOR ELDERLY LADY.

tie, is worn by blondes with the plum-coloured suits so fashionable this season, while brunettes wear pink, creamy buff, or tea-rose shades.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 111.—CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.

Foundation of white net bound with ribbon; the crown is covered by three upright quillings of white lace. Another quilling forms the front, and is carried down a fold of white muslin to form strings, which are crossed in the centre and ornamented by a bow and ends of ribbon. The ribbon is formed into puffs across the cap, bow and ends being placed on the left side.

Fig. 112.—WALKING TOILETTE FOR ELDERLY LADY.

Demi-train skirt of grey silk, bordered with a deep flounce of the same ornamented with black velvet and small frills, finished by a scalloped upright heading. Jacket of black faille cut straight round in the front, but slanted up at the back to admit a pouf of the same material. Flowing sleeves, the whole to be trimmed with grey silk and deep black fringe. The bonnet is black, with grey ostrich feather.

Work-table.

Fig. 113.—CROCHET EDGING.

THIS useful border is crocheted in short rows with the edge and foundation lengthwise. Commence by making a chain: 10 stitches, 2 treble on the third chain from the commencement of the chain stitches, 3 chain, 2 treble on the first of the 10 chain, 6 chain; turn for the 2nd row; 2 treble over the 3 chain between the 4 treble in the last row, 3 chain, 2 treble over the same 3 chain again; 3

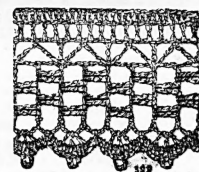


Fig. 114.—CROCHET EDGING.

chain, 1 d c on the 7th of the 10th chain, 1 treble on the 6th of the 10th chain; 1 long or the thread twice round the needle on the 5th of the 10th chain, 1 double long or the thread three times round the needle on the 4th of the 10th chain, turn. 3rd row: 7 chain, 2 treble over the 3 chain, between the 4 treble in the last row, 3 chain, 2 treble over the same 3 chain, 6 chain; turn for the 4th row. 2 treble over the 3rd chain between the 4th treble stitches of last row, 3 chain, 2 treble over the same 3 chain again, 3 chain; 1 d c on the 4th of the 7 chain, 1 treble on the 3rd of the 7 chain, 1 long on the 2nd, and 1 double long on the 1st of the 7 chain, turn, and repeat the 3rd row. Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows for the remainder of the work. Foundation: Work a plain row of 1 treble, 2 chain; miss 2 stitches, 1 treble on the next until the foundation is completed. Edge: 1 treble in the 6 chain of lace, 3 chain; 1 treble in the same 6 chain; 1 chain, a picot of 4 chain, 1 single on the 1st of the 4 chain, 1 chain, 1 treble in the same 6 chain; 3 chain, 1 treble in the same again. 2nd loop, 1 treble, 3 chain; 1 treble repeat from*.

Fig. 114.—CROCHET EDGING.

This border is crocheted the short way with the foundation lengthwise. Commence with a chain of 16 stitches, then turn for the 1st row, 2 treble on the 8 and 9th of the 16 chain, 3 chain, 2 treble on the 4th and 5th of the 16 stitches, 3 chain, 1 treble on the 1st stitch; turn the work. 2nd row: 6 chain, 2 treble in the first 3 chain, of the last row, 3 chain, 2 treble in the 2nd 3 chain, 5 chain, 1 treble in the 5th chain, of last row, * 3 chain, 1 treble, 3 chain, 1 treble, 3 chain, 1 treble, 3 chain, 1 d c all in the 5 chain; turn round for third row. 3 d c in first 3 chain, 3 d c in 2nd 3 chain, 4 chain, 3 d c in the 3rd 3 chain, 3 d c in the 4th 3 chain, 5 chain, 2 treble, 3 chain, 2 treble, 3 chain, 1 treble; turn round for 4th row. 6 chain, 2 treble in last 3 chain, 3 chain, 2 treble in 2nd 3 chain of last row, 3 chain, one treble into the 5th chain; repeat from * until you have the required length, then work the foundation. For the 1st row: 1 d c, 8 chain, 1 d c in every 2nd loop of the edging. 2nd row: 1 d c in the centre of the loop 3 chain, 1 treble on the d c of last row 3 chain, 1 d c in the centre. 3rd row: Plain row of treble.

Fig. 115.—ANTIMACASSAR IN NETTING AND DARNING.

Commence the netting in the usual way with one stitch, increasing every row until you have a half square the required size, then decrease one stitch each row. Wash and pass through a thin starch before commencing the darning, as this renders the working of the pattern much easier.

A schoolmistress has been fined 5s. at the Salford Police-court for assaulting one of her pupil-teachers.

COOKERY

ALMOND CUSTARD.—CUSTARD. Pound of sweet almond, sweetening to the taste, strain them; turn the water till thickened.

FRUIT CREAMS.—water enough to cover with four spoonfuls of apricot, raspberry, or the cream over it.

PLAIN CREAM.—One coffee-cup of sugar, one of orange peel, or the full of sea-moss farina. Two spoonfuls of cream. Steep any ju boiling stir in a spoon.

The Housekeeper.

COOKERY AND DOMESTIC HINTS.

CUSTARDS AND CREAMS.

ALMOND CUSTARD.—Blanch and pound fine a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, and boil them in a quart of milk, sweetening to the taste. Beat eight eggs (five will answer), and strain them; turn the milk and almonds boiling hot on the eggs, stirring them all the while, and boil in a pitcher set in hot water till thickened.

every pint of juice. This gives a jelly-like thickness and clearness to the fruit without impairing the taste in any way. While only a moderate quantity of sugar is used, the juice has an almost candied look. Cranberries, barberries, and such sour fruit are improved by it. If the juice is strained, the corn flour addition will make a very tolerable jelly, much pleasanter than the isinglass jellies. This must be poured in flat glass dishes to the depth of half an inch, and cooled. When firm, pour on the cream, let that set, and add another layer of fruit. This will be found a delicious substitute for pies in summer, when pastry is too rich to be eaten.

CHARLOTTE TART.—Make a very acid jelly with gelatine from

on the ice to cool. Beat the whites of two eggs to a froth with two spoonfuls of sugar, and lay this over the custard.

CREAM CUSTARD.—One pint of milk, the whites of four eggs, half a cup of corn flour, and half pint of cream. Boil the milk and cream together, and while boiling add the eggs and flour, beaten together with two and a half cups of sugar, flavouring with pure vanilla, almond, or raspberry. It is nice to pour it into cups having a few drops of different flavour in each.

APPLE FLOAT.—Stew six apples; drain and cool; beat up with two spoonfuls of white sugar and the whites of three eggs, flavour with lemon or rose-water. Fill a bowl with cream custard, and lay the froth on the top as high as it will stand.



Fig. 115.—ANTIMACASSAR IN NETTING AND DARNING.

FRUIT CREAMS.—Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in warm water enough to cover it; add this to a pint of cream, sweetened with four spoonfuls of sugar, and boil it. When cool, lay some apricot, raspberry, or peach preserves in a glass dish, and pour the cream over it.

PLAIN CREAM.—One quart of sweet milk, one cup of cream, one coffee-cup of sugar, or less if you prefer, boiled with a piece of orange peel, or flavoured with almond. Moisten four spoonfuls of sea-moss farina with cold milk, and stir into the boil. Two spoonfuls of rose brandy is a delicious flavour for this cream. Stew any juicy fruit nicely, sweetening right, and when boiling stir in a spoonful of corn flour wet in cold water for

the juice of lemons, plums, or barberries; spread this half an inch thick over sheets of cake baked very thin, and cover the whole with cream prepared as for Charlotte-Russe, an inch or more deep.

LEMON CUSTARD.—The juice and grated rind of three large lemons, two and a-half cups of sugar, three eggs, one spoonful of butter, three cups of sweet, rich milk, and three spoonfuls of corn flour. Beat the sugar, eggs, and butter together, moisten the corn flour, and add to this lemons; boil the milk, and stir the mixture in quickly while boiling. As soon as the milk thickens take it off and set it in the vessel of hot water, in which it should be boiled five minutes; then put the custard

Finish with the stiff froth of eggs, tinted with rose-colour by beet-juice or cochineal.

CURDS.—Freshly soured and thickened milk is esteemed by the doctors very wholesome and easy of digestion. Families in the country may make this serviceable by stirring several spoonfuls of orange wine or native port into a dish of sour milk before it sets, then leaving it to curdle, and eating with powdered sugar and nutmeg. The wine quite disguises the unpleasant taste of sour milk, and makes it a delicacy.

CARAMELS.—The proportions for making these are half as much plain chocolate as sugar, half as much milk as chocolate, and half as much butter as milk. Powder the chocolate, melt

the sugar, milk, and butter together, and stir in the chocolate, boiling two minutes slowly in a pan of hot water. Pour into buttered plates, cut into squares while soft, and set on the ice to grow crisp.

PINE-APPLE CREAM.—One pound of grated pine-apple, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter. Rub the butter and sugar to a paste, and stir in the pine-apple, adding a cup of rich milk, and three eggs well beaten. Bake this with or without a paste.

CHOICE SELECTED RECIPES.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—To one pound of flour allow one ounce of butter, one egg, a tea-spoonful of baking-powder, and sweet milk enough to make a soft dough. Rub the butter and flour well together, add the egg, beaten till light, a pinch of salt, and the milk, till a soft dough is mixed. Let it stand two hours to rise. When light, knead very little, form into rolls, and bake in a quick oven.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a smooth batter of half a pound of flour, three eggs, and half a pint of sweet milk; salt to taste. Cut a dozen large, juicy apples into slices, after peeling and coring them. Throw the slices in the batter. Have ready a pan of equal parts of lard and butter, boiling hot. Take the batter up in a ladle, allowing a slice of apple to each fritter. Fry brown, drain a moment, and serve with powdered sugar and nutmeg.

BISCUIT FOR TEA—SUPERIOR.—Boil until done two potatoes, peel and grate them; add to them two tea-spoonfuls of brown sugar, and sufficient boiling water to soften them; when tepid add one small tea-cupful of yeast; as soon as light warm three ounces of butter in one pint of milk, a little salt, and sufficient flour to make a stiff dough or sponge. When they have risen work on a board; put the mass back again to rise; when light make into cakes; let them stand in the pan half an hour. Bake in a quick oven.

JELLY CAKE.—Wash in two or three waters one tea-cupful of butter. After getting all the water off, cream it thoroughly, and add slowly two and a-half cupfuls of white sugar; cream all well together; then add the yolks of three eggs well beaten into it; add tea-cupful of milk, in which a tea-spoonful of soda has been dissolved; stir two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar into four cupfuls of flour—it must be well mixed into the flour; add the beaten whites and flour alternately; bake in jelly tins in a quick oven. This quantity will make four good-sized cakes for jelly, and a small cake for a round pan. In the jelly you bake as a round cake, add oil of almond to the flour, it, but do not put any in that you bake in the jelly tins; when nearly or quite cold spread jelly over the top of one cake, place another cake over it, jelly on this, until the cakes are all arranged. The top cake should not have jelly on it, but an egg makes a very pretty finish.

JUMBLES (AMERICAN).—Nine tea-cupfuls of flour, four of white sugar, two of butter, four eggs, and one tea-spoonful of baking-powder.

ANOTHER.—Four ounces of butter, the same quantity of sugar (best white), and of sifted flour. Cream the washed butter, then the sugar well; add the yolk of one egg, beaten white, and flour; mix water to taste; drop on well-buttered tins covered with paper and buttered; bake in a quick oven about eight minutes; ice them when cold. This is a soft-jumble recipe, and in baking they will run over the pan. They should not be put in too close together, but dropped in with a spoon here and there; dust with flour before icing; rub off all that will not stick. The icing does the icing under the cakes, will not stick.

FRUIT JUMBLES.—One pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound and a quarter of flour, five eggs, one small tea-cupful of milk, in which dissolve half a tea-spoonful of sugar; cream the butter; add the sugar; cream again; then add yolks of eggs, the milk, beaten whites, and flour; a little cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice, and ground cloves, and a quarter of a pound of currants rolled in flour; drop on papered and buttered tins with a spoon, and bake in a quick oven.

Hints for Young Housekeepers.

WASHING AND IRONING.

BY AN OLD HOUSEWIFE.

IF your wives, in middle-class households, only knew the true secret of washing, Monday (or Tuesday) would not be such a dreaded day. Here it is only ten o'clock Tuesday morning, and my clothes are all ready for the line. A single handful of pulverized borax, well mixed with a pint of soft soap, does away with the laborious task which the feminine world are subjected on wash-day. Clothes soaked with this mixture and put into warm water, to remain over-night, then wrung out and placed in a vessel of water, in which, previously, has been stirred half a pint of this prepared soap, and then permitted to boil three-fourths of an hour, then taken out and rinsed, then rinsed through two clean waters, will come out just as clean and white as new. Hard soap shaved and boiled until the suds are prepared in the same manner. Clothes will not turn yellow by this process, and garments laid away for years will not turn yellow. Borax softens the hardest water.

The wash-women of Holland and Belgium, so renowned for cleanliness, and whose linens are so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder, and all the large washing establishments adopt the same mode.

To remove fruit-stains the garment should be placed singly over a vessel, and boiling water poured through the stain until it is removed. Three or four quarts of water usually suffice. All stains should be removed before putting garments into soap-suds. Ink-stains can be removed by putting that part of the garment into skimmed milk and leaving it until the milk soured.

To remove mildew, wet the article with soft water and rub it well with white soap, then with powdered chalk; place it on the grass in the sunshine, and keep it damp with soft water. Next day repeat the process, and in a few hours the mildew will disappear.

Clothes should be sprinkled, folded, snugly packed, and left for several hours before ironing. Every lady should have an ironing-board, so as to iron garters and neckerchiefs neatly.

To give shirt-bosoms and other linens a new and glossy appearance, I take four ounces of nice gun arabic, put it into a pitcher, pour one pint of boiling water arable up, cover it, and let it stand over-night; then drain off carefully into a clean bottle, cork it tightly, and it is ready for use. To every half-pint of starch I put in a table-spoonful of this preparation, and a pinch of salt to keep the iron from sticking.

The ladies are respectfully solicited to make a trial of the GLENFIELD STARCH, which they will find to be far superior to any starch for dressing laces, linens, &c. It is now used in all laundries, from the cottage to the palace, and when once tried is found to be indispensable. When you ask for Glenfield Starch, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profits.

The Nursery.

TEACHING LITTLE GIRLS TO SEW.

By MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

"YES, I suppose I shall be obliged to teach my little girl to sew sometime; but I am very thankful that I have some years yet before I need take up this cross. I supply her with bits of cloth, needles, thread, and scissors, and let her amuse herself with an attempt at sewing; but, how I dread the time when I must begin in earnest, and try to teach her the proper way! I sometimes hope that by letting her botch and play sewing, by-and-by, as she sees me making even seams, and taking tiny stitches, she will, by imitation and observation, gradually learn, without much effort on my part. Do you not think that she may?"

"Never. No doubt some children learn with much less effort than others; but by letting your little girl 'play sewing' 'botching,' as you term it—you only connive at her acquiring a careless habit, which she will not easily exchange for straight seams and tiny stitches."

"Would you advise me to keep thread and needles and cloth from her, and endeavour to interest her in some other play, till such time as I am compelled to teach her how to use them properly?"

"No. Why should you debar her from such innocent amusements? Why not begin at once to teach her how to do a thing right, even when in play?"

"Teach that baby! What can she learn at her age?"

"Can she not thread her needle?"

"Certainly; quite expertly."

"And can she not push her needles in and out of the cloth?"

"Oh yes. For a baby she shows quite a genius for this quiet kind of womanly accomplishment."

"Then, you see she can learn something, notwithstanding her youth. How much more maturity, or skill, think you, will it require for her to learn, by a few well-directed efforts on your part, how to put the needle in at proper distances, taking up only just so many threads for a stitch?"

"Why! She is only a baby—but little past three years! Teach her! How preposterous! You must be—"

"Growing imbecile, you think. Very likely; but these ideas are no indication of it. They are good, solid common sense, we think; such as our mothers and grandmothers acted upon, in the olden times, when early teaching and genuine industry were fashionable—when there were more 'busy bees to improve each shining hour' of childhood—when these first years, which were then passed in 'books and work and study and play,' were a thousand times more childlike and happier than their 'days of modern improvement.' Now, the 'toddling wet things' are carried in the nurses' arms to infant parties, dressed and flounced and frizzled, until every vestige of simple childhood is lost in their painfully ludicrous efforts to imitate their more foolish elders. Kept up far beyond a healthful bedtime, and fed with food injurious to more mature stomachs, and ruinous to a child's digestion. All that is left is a little skill and patience, to take your little girl on your lap, ten or fifteen minutes every day, and show her how to hold and use the needle—taking the warm, soft, innocent little hands, with loving caresses, into yours, and guiding the tiny fingers, until at last she learns to put the needle through the cloth at proper distances, unaided—will this be harder or more tiresome to her than to dress and weary over your little one till she is drilled in dancing—taught to bow and curtsy, and gracefully accept her baby partner's hand in the dance. Will it give you no pain to see the first development of envy, jealousy, and ill-temper, forced into active growth under such training? Compare this toil and responsibility with the soft and loving prattle of your little girl as she nestles in your arms, and with a merry laugh watches the bright needle go to and fro; and when at last she masters one stitch, and you pronounce it well done, will not her shout of triumph repay the teacher's trouble? Will it any longer be a work to dread? On the contrary, will you not look forward to that daily lesson as the sweetest duty of the day?"

"All this sounds very pretty; but when we come to the reality—the big stitches, the long stitches, the puckers and gathers, the mistakes and vexatious carelessness—how many pounds of cloth will be wasted before one inch of decent sewing can be accomplished by a little child?"

"Not one. Cut out a little block of patch-work. Tell the child that she may make a quilt for her doll's bed, just as soon as she can do it well. Use pretty, bright colours. Take her on your lap, and show her how a stitch must be taken, making merry, gentle speeches to her as the work goes on. 'See, pet, you must take up two of these threads on that side, and put your needle through two more on the other side; then pull the thread through. That's one stitch. Mamma did that. Now let's see the little girl take one just like it. No, no; let mamma hold your hand steady. There—that's right. Now you may try again. See—you have taken up a needle too much on that side. We'll just pull that out, I think, and try again. It was pretty well, but a little longer than the last, and I guess Dolly won't quite like it; so we'll pull it out, and be very careful next time. There—that's my little woman! You have made three nice stitches—and we will put up the sewing now, and run out-doors to play. When papa comes home, mamma will have to show these pretty stitches, and he will be very much pleased.' In this way, it will not be many weeks before the square for Dolly's small bed will be finished; and you will say, 'My little daughter has done it so very nicely, I think we will have to make another, and piece the two together to make a bigger quilt.' Before a year passes we are sure you will have a quilt large enough for your little girl's own bed, every stitch well done; and both mother and child drawn closer together and made happier by each day's lessons. It is, we think, a great mistake, while teaching a child to sew, to pass over very poor work, simply because you think after a while she will learn to do better, and you will throw the few early attempts aside, rather than be at the trouble of picking out imperfect stitches. Only a half inch, or three or four stitches a-day, well done, is a great gain. Be gentle, but be very firm. Do not drill the child till it is weary, and will shrink from the second trial; but yet, let it be well understood that every stitch must be perfect before it will be accepted, and then be lavish of praise when the effort is successful. Do not destroy the child's *pride* work, but let it be carefully done. It will give you much pleasure when your daughter has become a woman, and be invaluable to her, as an evidence of your faithful teachings, when you are for ever hid from her eyes."

"Then, you see she can learn something, notwithstanding her youth. How much more maturity, or skill, think you, will it require for her to learn, by a few well-directed efforts on your part, how to put the needle in at proper distances, taking up only just so many threads for a stitch?"

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"Growing imbecile, you think. Very likely; but these ideas are no indication of it. They are good, solid common sense, we think; such as our mothers and grandmothers acted upon, in the olden times, when early teaching and genuine industry were fashionable—when there were more 'busy bees to improve each shining hour' of childhood—when these first years, which were then passed in 'books and work and study and play,' were a thousand times more childlike and happier than their 'days of modern improvement.' Now, the 'toddling wet things' are carried in the nurses' arms to infant parties, dressed and flounced and frizzled, until every vestige of simple childhood is lost in their painfully ludicrous efforts to imitate their more foolish elders. Kept up far beyond a healthful bedtime, and fed with food injurious to more mature stomachs, and ruinous to a child's digestion. All that is left is a little skill and patience, to take your little girl on your lap, ten or fifteen minutes every day, and show her how to hold and use the needle—taking the warm, soft, innocent little hands, with loving caresses, into yours, and guiding the tiny fingers, until at last she learns to put the needle through the cloth at proper distances, unaided—will this be harder or more tiresome to her than to dress and weary over your little one till she is drilled in dancing—taught to bow and curtsy, and gracefully accept her baby partner's hand in the dance. Will it give you no pain to see the first development of envy, jealousy, and ill-temper, forced into active growth under such training? Compare this toil and responsibility with the soft and loving prattle of your little girl as she nestles in your arms, and with a merry laugh watches the bright needle go to and fro; and when at last she masters one stitch, and you pronounce it well done, will not her shout of triumph repay the teacher's trouble? Will it any longer be a work to dread? On the contrary, will you not look forward to that daily lesson as the sweetest duty of the day?"

"All this sounds very pretty; but when we come to the reality—the big stitches, the long stitches, the puckers and gathers, the mistakes and vexatious carelessness—how many pounds of cloth will be wasted before one inch of decent sewing can be accomplished by a little child?"

"Not one. Cut out a little block of patch-work. Tell the child that she may make a quilt for her doll's bed, just as soon as she can do it well. Use pretty, bright colours. Take her on your lap, and show her how a stitch must be taken, making merry, gentle speeches to her as the work goes on. 'See, pet, you must take up two of these threads on that side, and put your needle through two more on the other side; then pull the thread through. That's one stitch. Mamma did that. Now let's see the little girl take one just like it. No, no; let mamma hold your hand steady. There—that's right. Now you may try again. See—you have taken up a needle too much on that side. We'll just pull that out, I think, and try again. It was pretty well, but a little longer than the last, and I guess Dolly won't quite like it; so we'll pull it out, and be very careful next time. There—that's my little woman! You have made three nice stitches—and we will put up the sewing now, and run out-doors to play. When papa comes home, mamma will have to show these pretty stitches, and he will be very much pleased.' In this way, it will not be many weeks before the square for Dolly's small bed will be finished; and you will say, 'My little daughter has done it so very nicely, I think we will have to make another, and piece the two together to make a bigger quilt.' Before a year passes we are sure you will have a quilt large enough for your little girl's own bed, every stitch well done; and both mother and child drawn closer together and made happier by each day's lessons. It is, we think, a great mistake, while teaching a child to sew, to pass over very poor work, simply because you think after a while she will learn to do better, and you will throw the few early attempts aside, rather than be at the trouble of picking out imperfect stitches. Only a half inch, or three or four stitches a-day, well done, is a great gain. Be gentle, but be very firm. Do not drill the child till it is weary, and will shrink from the second trial; but yet, let it be well understood that every stitch must be perfect before it will be accepted, and then be lavish of praise when the effort is successful. Do not destroy the child's *pride* work, but let it be carefully done. It will give you much pleasure when your daughter has become a woman, and be invaluable to her, as an evidence of your faithful teachings, when you are for ever hid from her eyes."

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Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN drove out at Osborne on Tuesday afternoon last week, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and Her Majesty walked and drove with her royal highness on the Wednesday morning. Prince Leopold walked in the grounds. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, attended by the Countess of Gainsborough and the Hon. Flora Macdonald. Lord Chas. Fitzroy was in attendance on horseback as Equerry in Waiting. The Duke of Argyll and Lady Evelyn and Lady Mary Campbell arrived on a visit to Her Majesty.

Her Majesty, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice walked in the grounds on Thursday morning, and in the afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by Prince

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WALEs.
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HOUSAND.

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and family have arrived

Le Marquis de Hamel et Comte de Manin is staying at
Rochester House, Hastings.

The Countess of Dunmore was safely delivered of a son and
heir on Saturday last, at No. 50, Portland-place.

The Swedish and Norwegian Minister and the Baroness
Hochschild are prevented, in consequence of the death of the
Queen of Sweden, from attending any Court receptions until
after the 11th of next month.

The Earl and Countess Amherst and family arrived at their
residence in Grosvenor-square, on Tuesday, from Montreal,
Sevenoaks, for the season.

The Earl and Countess of Maclesfield and Lady Adelaide
Parker have left Shirburn Castle to make a tour in Switzerland
and Italy, and are not expected to return to England for
several months.

The Earl and Countess of Ellesmere left Bridgewater House
on Monday for Worsley Hall, Lancashire, and to-day (Sat-
urday) will leave Liverpool for the United States, with the
intention of making several months' tour in America. In all
probability they will be absent from England four or five
months.

FORTECOMING FASHIONABLE EVENTS.

May 1.—Opening of the International Exhibition by the
Prince of Wales and the Princess Christian. May 2.—Lady
Manners' first dance at Prince's-gate. May 3.—The Duchess
of Northumberland's first ball at Northumberland House.
May 5.—The Hon. Lady Nugent's second dance. The York-
shire ball at Willis's Rooms. May 9.—The Queen's Drawing
Room at Buckingham Palace. May 10.—The Duchess of
Northumberland's second ball. May 12.—Lady Manners'
second dance, at Prince's-gate. May 13.—Levee at St. James's
Palace. Miss Gabriel's *soirée d'invitation*, at the Royal
Gallery of Illustration. May 20.—Her Majesty's birthday
celebrated. May 31.—Sir J. Benedict's annual grand morning
concert, under the immediate patronage of the Prince and
Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess Christian, the
Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary Adelaide and the Prince
of Teck, at the Floral Hall, Covent-garden.

FOREIGN COURTS.

The obsequies of the late Queen Wilhelmina took place at
Stockholm on Friday last week, with great pomp. At noon,
amid the tolling of all the bells in the city, the funeral pro-
cession started from the west wing of the palace, and, passing
through a double row of soldiers, proceeded across the Pitter-
hausmarkt to the Rittberholm Church, which was hung with
black, and lit with candles. The hearse, which was drawn
by six horses, was preceded by the Regalia of Sweden and
Norway, and followed by coaches containing the Crown Prince
of Denmark, the two Swedish Dukes, Prince Weid, all the
Court ladies, and the representatives of foreign sovereigns.
The funeral ceremony was performed by Archbishop Sund-
berg. At a quarter to one a funeral oration was delivered by
Dr. Rundgreen, the Court preacher. The King and Dowager
Queen were not present. Very wintry weather prevailed,
snow and rain falling, with a high wind. All the shops were
closed, and the crowds of people in the streets were very
great.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

On Wednesday, the 19th, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly,
was solemnised the wedding of Miss Fanny Stracey, daughter
of Sir Henry Stracey, Bart., of Rackheath-park, Norfolk, with
Mr. John Bathurst Graver Browne, of Moreley Hall, in the
same county. Shortly after eleven o'clock the bride entered
the church, leaning on the arm of her father, by whom she
was given away. She was attended by the following brides-
maids: Miss Milles (niece to the bride), Miss Walpole, Miss
Hesketh, Miss Ridley, Miss Constance Reynardson, Miss E.
Stracey (cousin to the bride), (the Hon. Fanny Harris was at
the last moment prevented from attending), Miss Rosalie
Stracey, and Miss Isabel Stracey (sisters to the bride). The
bride was attired in a dress of white satin, covered with a
faint Brussels point lace, the train being trimmed by a
flood of the same lace, and wreathed in noods with orange
blossom and lilies of the valley; a wreath of the same flowers
encircled her head, and she wore a veil of Brussels point. The
bride's ornaments were diamonds. The bridesmaids' dresses
were of white muslin over white silk, tastefully trimmed with
white Valenciennes lace, and the hair of each young lady wearing a
chaplet of natural lilies of the valley, with long tulle veil, and
carrying a beautiful bouquet of gardenias, white roses, lilies
of the valley, and staphenotis, presented with the chaplets,
by the bridegroom. At the conclusion of the ceremony,
which was performed by the Rev. Hugh Hare, assisted by
the Rev. W. Bathurst, the bridal party formed a procession
following the bride and bridegroom down the aisle, the organ
pealing forth Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." A break-
fast at Sir Henry Stracey's residence in Portland-place awaited
the return of the party, the band of the Fusilier Guards being
in attendance, and greeting the bride and bridegroom by the
"Wedding March." The numerous and costly presents were
displayed in the drawing-room. The bride's travelling dress
was of poul de soie, of the colour known as fleur de pêche.
It was made on train, and richly trimmed with point duchess
lace, the bonnet en suite, with small ostrich feathers and a
large pale tate rose.

The marriage between Captain Algernon C. F. Henegge,
R.N., and Miss Hare, daughter of Sir Thomas Hare, Bart.,
will not take place.

On Tuesday was solemnised at Westminster Abbey the
marriage of Mr. John Charles Thynne, fifth son of the Rev.
Lord John Thynne, Canon and Sub-dean of Westminster,
with Miss Mary Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Sir John A.
B. McGregory, by his wife Mary, youngest daughter and co-
heir of Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy. The cere-
mony took place immediately after morning prayers, and the
choir was exclusively reserved and filled by a host of relatives
and intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom. The service
was a choral one. The bridegroom was attended as "best
man" by Mr. Montagu Guest, M.P. The bridesmaids, eight
in number, were as follows: Miss Thynne, Miss Ormsby
Gore, Lady Maud Lascelles, Hon. Miss O'Grady, Miss Maria
Thynne, Miss C. Wilson-Patten, Hon. Miss Murray, and
Miss M. McGregory. The bride arrived shortly after half-past
eleven, accompanied by her mother, and was received by her
brother, Sir Malcolm McGregory, who ultimately gave her
away. After the celebration of the marriage the wedding
party met at the Dowager Duchess of Grafton's residence in
Grosvenor-crescent, to breakfast. Early in the afternoon the
newly-wedded couple left town for Somerford Hall, the resi-
dence of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson-Patten, in Staffordshire, to
spend the honeymoon.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the Hon. Edmund Luke Plunkett, third surviv-
ing son of the ninth Earl of Fingall—late of Her Majesty's

Treasury, and 22, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall—who died on
February 21 last, aged forty-three, was proved in London on
the 25th ult., under 14,000*l.* personally. The will is dated
February 8 last. The executors are his two younger brothers,
the Hon. George James Plunkett and the Hon. Francis Richard
Plunkett, and to them he leaves the whole of his property,
share and share alike, for their own use and benefit absolutely.
The will of Lieutenant-Colonel William Pearce, R.H.
(Coldstream Guards), late of Firwood, Brecon, and Straver-
ton House, Gloucestershire, was proved in London on the 4th
ult., under 60,000*l.* personally, by his nephews, Thomas
William Oakley and James Pearce King. The will contains
numerous legacies and specific bequests to relatives and friends,
and legacies to his servants. There are very liberal legacies
to his nephews and nieces. He bequeaths for the poor of
Lanspythid 200*l.*, and to the Orphan Asylum at Cheltenham
100*l.*; and leaves the annual sum of 15*l.* to keep in repair the
family tomb and memorial windows placed by his wife and
self in the church of Lanspythid, with a request that the tomb
shall not be again opened. He bequeaths the residue of his
property among his five nephews—James Pearce King, and
Thomas, James, William, and Richard Oakley—and his four
nieces, equally.

The will of Miss Mary Elizabeth Tallant, of Lincoln, has
been proved by her two co-executrices—her sisters, Mrs. Anne
Nicholson and Mrs. Mary Esplin. The personality is sworn
under 10,000*l.*, and is bequeathed to several relatives. The
freehold is devised to her nephew, Mr. Francis Tallant, of
Midhurst.

Curious Items about Women.

The ladies are evidently bent on asserting their rights
practically in the West of England. The *Bath Express*
says that "The Fair Maid of Taunton Deane" have just
formed a Court of Ancient Shepherdeses. Several more
maids were "initiated" on Monday evening.

A lady recently advertised in a daily paper that she wanted
a "gentleman for breakfast and tea," while another in the
same journal asks for "a husband having a Roman nose with
strong religious tendencies;" and a third party seeks to
recover "a lost wallet belonging to a gentleman made of calf."

The *Newcastle Chronicle* reports that Lady Byron's maid
(Mrs. Minns) died at the residence of her son-in-law, at Jarrow,
on the 18th inst., at the ripe age of eighty-seven. The
Chronicle adds: "Her name will long be remembered in con-
nection with the wanton and odious attack made somewhat
more than a year and a half ago, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, on
Lord Byron. The important testimony given by Mrs. Minns
on this subject was by far the most valuable contribution to
the active discussion provoked by the controversy. Mrs.
Minns was probably the only living witness who could speak
from personal knowledge of the early married life of Lord
and Lady Byron. She had been ten years in the service of her
ladyship, when Miss Milbanke, as lady's-maid, and was her
attached confidante. She emphatically contradicted the
calumnious statements of Mrs. Stowe, especially as to the
alleged dejected aspect of Lady Byron when she alighted from
the carriage at Hahnaby Hall.

The astounding information is conveyed to us by a Burmese
paper, that a young white elephant, recently captured, is being
suckled by women, who are forced by the Mandulay authori-
ties to perform this maternal office to the animal, whilst their
own children are given away to other women to nurse.

A person known as Patrick McCormack was admitted some
days ago into the infirmary of one of the Dublin Poor-law
unions, and has since died. He has been known to the police
of the city for over twenty years, in various men's employ-
ments; but it was found after death that a deception had
been carried on for all this period, the deceased being really
a woman. No reason can be assigned for the long persever-
ance in this imposition.

At a wedding ceremony in Newport, Kentucky, which took
place at mid-day, the church had been darkened to render the
scene more impressive. The organ began to roll forth the
wedding march just as the happy couple started for the altar.
At that moment the sexton attempted to turn on the gas more
fully, but in his excitement he turned it the wrong way, and
in an instant the church was in total darkness. Happily a
gentleman who stood near a window pulled down a blind from
the top, and the bright sunlight streamed in upon the bridal
party, producing a beautiful and almost magical effect, and
changing what might have been deemed an ill omen into a
happy one.

Mr. Goodall, the Royal Academician, has sustained a be-
reavement under melancholy circumstances, in the death of
his son, Mr. Trevelyan Goodall. After having passed some
weeks in study at Pompeii, the deceased and his brother
Howard went to Capri, which from its beauty offers great
attractions to the artist. They were waiting the arrival of
their father, who was in Cairo, and who was expected in
Naples. The two brothers joined a party of friends in a visit
to one of the most romantic spots on the island. Both the
young men were fond of pistol shooting, and Howard was
showing his pistol to the party, who were seated on the rocks,
when it went off, and the ball passed through the body of his
brother, who died in a few days at Naples. The deceased
was only twenty-three years of age, the surviving brother only
twenty-one.

BAZAAR AT WILLIS'S ROOMS.—On Monday afternoon a
bazaar was held in the lower room of Willis's, King-street, St.
James's, under the patronage of the Dowager Countess of
Essex, Lady Anne Sherborn, Viscountess Walden, and other
ladies, in aid of the funds of the "Temporary Home
for Lost and Starving Dogs," an institution of ten years' stand-
ing, cradled at Holloway, but now removed to Lower Wands-
worth-road. It has done good as a refuge for stray and
ownerless dogs, and during last year no less than 975 poor
animals were provided with homes or restored to their owners.
Lady Millicent Barber, Lady Hume Campbell, Lady Gomm,
the Ladies Legge, Mrs. Roberts, and Miss Ward, ladies taking
a deep interest in the welfare of the charity, presiding at the
several stalls.

From J. Housell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, Dorsetshire: "I
consider BUNTON'S NERVEINE a specific for tooth-ache. Very severe
cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent
relief." From E. Smith, Esq., Surgeon, Sherborn, near Cire-
ncester: "I have tried BUNTON'S NERVEINE in many cases of
severe tooth-ache, and in every instance permanent relief has been
obtained." Sold by all Chemists, Is. 1*l.* per Packet; or 10*l.*
free for 15 stamps from J. R. Cooper, Maidstone.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS,

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

(We shall be glad to receive from Correspondents, particularly from our
numerous friends abroad, information of all kinds bearing upon the
intellectual, social, and material progress of Woman.—Ed. L. O. P.)

THE Woman's Missionary Society of New York is about to
send out three women to establish an orphan asylum at
Yokohama, in Japan.

Mrs. Dr. Reusch Formes, wife of the distinguished singer,
Carl Formes, has been elected an honorary member of a
medical college in Philadelphia.

It is rumored that a college for women is to be established
at Cambridge, in order to give the students the advantage of
attending the lectures, &c., of University professors.

Woman's sphere has been much enlarged in Prussia by a
recent order of the Minister of Education. Women who prove
themselves qualified are to be accepted as teachers of modern
languages in the public schools, a profession hitherto mon-
opolised by the masculine gender.

Miss Brackenberry, whose name is known in connection
with many good works, has announced her intention to give
5,000*l.* for the erection of suitable buildings for a medical
school in connection with Owen's College, and a further sum of
5,000*l.* as endowment for the maintenance of the department.

HITCHIN COLLEGE (FOR WOMEN).—An entrance and scholar-
ship examination will be held on June 20, and three following
days, at the University of London. W. Forms of entries may
be obtained on application to the hon. sec., Miss Davies, 17,
Cunningham-place, London, N.W. These forms must be
returned filled up on or before April 29. The following
scholarships, tenable from October 1871, will be awarded to
the candidates who shall pass best in the above examination:
1. A subscription scholarship, covering the whole of the col-
lege fees for three years—i.e., of the value of 300*l.* guineas.
2. The Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley's scholarship, of
the value of 50*l.* a year, for three years.

LADIES AND THE WAR.

THE *Therist* states that Sister Patrocino is at San Sebastian,
where she is entrusted with important commissions on
behalf of members of the Dourban family.

At Bellevue the other day the widow and daughter of a
horsedealer named Thierry, while ironing on a table, had their
legs smashed by a shell from Issy. Amputation was per-
formed, but death is expected.

A poor Englishwoman named Kelly has just come into Paris
from Neuilly. She was confined a fortnight ago, and has been
sheltering in a cellar with other poor neighbours. They have
lived on the carcass of a horse killed by a shell, and a little
bread and wine the troops gave them.

The funeral of an infant was taking place in the Avenue du
Roule a few days ago. About a dozen persons formed the
mourning procession. A shell burst over them; the mourners
fled; the father remained on the spot, and threw himself on
the ground, on getting up he found the coffin smashed and
his lost child cut in two.

The Commune have received an address from the female
citizens, asking that as a large number of them have resolved,
in case of the enemy passing the gate of the city, to fight or
die, the mayors be ordered to place at the disposal of the
female committees of arrondissements, and of the central com-
mittee of female citizens for the organisation of the defence of
Paris, a hall in each arrondissement where the female com-
mittee may sit permanently; also a place for public meetings
of female citizens, and that their proclamations be printed at
the expense of the Commune. The address is signed by
Adelaide Valentin, Sophie Graix, Josephine Pratt, work-
women, and a number of others.

Miss Esther Johnstone, a young Jersey lady, died lately at
Chalons-sur-Marne, and was interred with full Prussian
military honours. Having been attached to an ambulance
corps, on the cessation of the late war she resolved to remain
with the Prussian sick and wounded, to whom she was most
indefatigable in her attention. She made the small-pox
patients her special care, and while attending upon them was
seized with the disease, and carried off in a few days. The
Prussians resolved to give her the honours of a military
funeral, and this was done with all the formalities that usually
attend the obsequies of an officer. The generals and officers at
Chalons-sur-Marne accompanied the corpse to its resting-
place, together with about 500 of the inhabitants. A monu-
ment has been erected by the soldiers to her memory.

MILKMEN AND SERVANTS.—A lady correspondent from the
West-end has forwarded us (*Milk Journal*) some further par-
ticulars of the dishonest practices not uncommon between milk-
carriers and the inmates of the kitchen. She refers to the
"otherwise 'empty' cans," which frequently conceal slices of
meat, eggs, preserves, &c., given as perquisites to the milk-
carriers morning and evening, or to be delivered by them to a
general receiver of pilfered goods. Policeman X, it appears, is
not the only culpable frequenter of the area precincts. It is
suggested though, that from his knowledge of household secrets,
he is the fittest person to put an end to the insinuating attention
of his rival in the affections of his dapper cooks and smiling
kitchenmaids. The evil arising from the above use of the
"empties" does not end with the dishonesty of the act; it
terminates in servant and employer, but these odds and ends tend
to taint the cans in which milk is conveyed, and thus to render it
unwholesome to the consumer. Our correspondent also informs
us that it is a common trick for the messengers to sell a portion
of the milk intended for the houses they serve, and then to add
water to make up the deficiency. To remedy this, it is sug-
gested that every householder should have a locked can to con-
vey the milk from the dairy to the house, the key to be in the
charge of some responsible person above the suspicion of tam-
pering with the milk.

"I have one word more to say before I close of the Pain Killer,
which I consider a most valuable medicine. I have travelled a good
deal since I have been in Kansas, and have never without taking it with
me in my pocket, and I have used it in my practice for cholera in 1849 and 1855,
and with better success than any other medicine.—A. HUNTING
M.D., Manhattan, Kansas, April, 1869."—TO FERRY DAVIS & SON.

General News of the Week.

THERE is a strike among the boys and girls employed in making cartridges at Woolwich Arsenal, in consequence of the War-office having reduced the rate of pay by a halfpenny per 1,000.

The marine aquarium at the Crystal Palace is beginning to take form. About one third of the 700 tons (150,000 gallons) of the sea water required is already in the tanks, but the steam engines and pumps are not yet regularly at work.

At the Middlesex Sessions on Tuesday Claud Bossoli, a photographer in the King's-road, Chelsea, pleaded guilty to twelve months' hard labour.

THE STRATFORD MURDERER.—Michael Campbell, the murderer of Mr. Galloway at Stratford, was executed on Monday morning within the walls of Springfield Gaol, the county gaol for Essex.

SALE OF SILKS AND LACES.—Z. Simpson and Co., of 65 and 66 Farringdon-street, are now offering for sale a large quantity of silks and laces—indeed, the entire stock-in-trade, we believe, of an old-established firm of silks, lace-makers and lacemen. Messrs. Simpson are making considerable reductions from the original prices.

THE NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.—A fancy bazaar, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, the Princess Louise, and many noble ladies, is to be held, by kind permission of the Duke of Wellington, at his grace's riding-school, Knightsbridge, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of May, in aid of the National Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor.

FIREARMS AGAIN.—An inquest was held on Tuesday morning on the body of a boy named John Harper, aged ten, who on Sunday morning was found dead in a cowshed on a farm at Dedworth, near Windsor. He was shot through the heart, and by his side was found a gun recently discharged. It is not known whether he had shot himself accidentally or not.

AN OLD LADY KILLED BY A STONE.—A man named Henry Trim has been committed for trial by a coroner's jury at Skipton Montague, Somerset, for the manslaughter of Katherine Shears, aged seventy-nine. The accused threw a large stone at her, inflicting serious injury, from which she died on the following morning.

DOMESTIC TRAGEDY IN GRESHAM.—A man named James Gregory, living at Twinstie, Cheshire, on returning home from his work on Monday night, found that his wife had cut the throat of one of her children, drowned another a week old in a bucket, and then committed suicide by hanging herself. The woman, who was about thirty years of age, has been for some time past in a despondent state of mind.

REMARKABLE SUICIDE.—Charles Crow, bailiff to the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, at Elvedon, Suffolk, has killed himself in an extraordinary manner. Being left alone for a few minutes, he took up a stone-bottle which contained a quart of brandy, and drank the whole of it. Medical skill was of no avail, and he died in a few hours afterwards. At the inquest a verdict of "Temporary insanity" was returned.

DEATH OF A WOMAN FROM EXCITEMENT.—On Friday night Mrs. Emma Russell, wife of a boot and shoemaker, accidentally met with a friend in the Old Kent-road, who informed her that her father had died very suddenly. She was very excited, and, in the excitement, she was then observed to stagger, fall upon the flag-stones, and upon being picked up was found to be dead. Death resulted from heart disease, accelerated by sudden excitement.

A FALSE REPORT.—The paragraph lately appeared in most of the journals, giving the description of a casket which it is supposed that the late Duke of Wellington left the Prince Arthur, with directions that it should be opened when his Royal Highness came of age. It is now announced authoritatively that this story has no foundation whatever, but is the creation of some imaginative brain.

A HUSBAND KILLED BY HIS WIFE.—James Martin, a Liverpool dock labourer, has just been murdered by his wife. In a drunken quarrel he threw a glass at her. Mrs. Martin upon this took up a knife that was lying on the table and with it stabbed her husband in the left breast, causing almost instantaneous death. One of the lodgers in the house ran for a doctor, who, on his arrival, pronounced Martin to be quite dead. The wife was taken into custody.

A LUNATIC SENT TO DEATH.—William Cooper, an attendant at the Surrey County Lunatic Asylum at Wandsworth, was charged at the Wandsworth police-court on Tuesday morning with causing the death of Robert A. Mulley, aged sixty-five years, a patient, by scalding him in a bath. Dr. Biggs, the resident medical officer, said he asked the prisoner how he could be guilty of such culpable negligence as poisoning almost boiling water upon the deceased, and the prisoner replied that he did so thoughtlessly and accidentally. Mr. Ingham committed the prisoner for trial for manslaughter.

THE MATCHMAKERS.—On Sunday afternoon a large meeting of those engaged in the match trade was held in Victoria-park, to protest against the proposed tax on matches, and a monster procession was formed in Bow-road on Monday afternoon, at two o'clock, to proceed through the City to Westminster, to present a petition to the House of Commons. It is stated that there are about 30,000 men, women, and children employed in the factories.

COMPENSATION FOR A DOG BITE.—In the Court of Common Pleas, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins sued Mr. White, a baker, at Notting-hill, for damages for injuries sustained by Mrs. Perkins, who, it was alleged, had been bitten by a dog belonging to the defendant. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs—damages, 50*l.*, apportioned thus—25*l.* to Mr. Perkins for the loss of the services of his wife, and 25*l.* to Mrs. Perkins.

THREE GIRLS POISONED.—On Saturday night three girls, inmates of the Manchester Workhouse, at Crumpsall, were killed by their nurse administering carbolic acid in mistake for cough mixture. The girls became ill immediately, and died within three hours, notwithstanding all that could be done for them by three medical gentlemen who attended. A nurse who caused the death of the supposed medicine lies in a very precarious condition. The names and ages of the deceased are—Sarah Ann Royle, eighteen; Margaret Akroyd, thirteen; and Mary Ann Monaghan, ten.

TWO WOMEN BURNED.—A few nights since, about ten o'clock, Constable Kay heard screams of murder proceed from the direction of Spring-gardens, near Salford-bridge, Blackburn. On proceeding in that direction he saw a number of persons running up Callender-street. He followed them, and subsequently found that the house No. 12 in that street was full of smoke, and that there was a quantity of rags on fire within. The constable went to the back yard, where he found a young woman named Margaret Bradley with her clothes in flames. A number of persons were engaged tearing the clothes off her, and the constable assisted them. She is twenty-one years of age, and is not expected to recover. Mary Murphy, a woman of thirty

years, was also found to have been severely burned on the right leg and foot, left hand and arm, but her injuries are not nearly so serious as those of Bradley. The two women had been drinking together, and through carelessness with a lamp, set fire to their clothes.

RESULTS OF THE CENSUS.—The Census returns are now being completed in many places. The following are some of the results: Bradford (Yorkshire), 146,000, increase 42,000; Sheffield, 240,000, increase 55,000; Tamworth, in the Warwickshire part of the municipal borough, 2,238; in the Staffordshire part, 2,351—total, 4,589; increase 253; Tamworth, Parliamentary borough, 11,502, increase 1,300; Ormskirk, 6,130; Handsworth, near Sheffield, 5,783, increase 1,837.

MARRYING A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.—An Exeter correspondent writes: "While Parliament have been discussing the question whether a man may marry his deceased wife's sister, a grocer living in Devonshire has quietly married his deceased wife's daughter. The wife in question died about twelve months ago, bequeathing to the grocer the care of her daughter by a former husband, the daughter at the time verging on her fiftieth year. The husband, who is himself about fifty-five years of age, accepted the charge, and has recently married his protégée."

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The Bishop of London has appointed the following gentlemen to be the preachers at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday mornings during the month of May: Sunday, May 7, the Rev. J. E. Kempe, M.A., of Clare College, Cambridge, rector of St. James's Piccadilly; Sunday, May 14, the Rev. Richard Burgess, B.D., of St. John's College, Cambridge, vicar of Ickworth, Suffolk; Sunday, May 21, the Rev. James Lupton, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, rector of St. Michael's, Queenhithe. On Sunday, May 28, being Whit-Sunday, the Very Rev. Dr. H. L. Mansel, Dean of St. Paul's will preach.

THE INCREASE OF SMALL-POX.—In consequence of the increase of small-pox in the metropolis, the Admiralty have placed the disposal of the Metropolitan District Asylums Board a second man-of-war, stationed in the Thames, to be used as a convalescent hospital for small-pox patients. The ship now designated as the companion hospital ship to the *Dreadnought* is the *Fisgard*, stationed off Woolwich Dock-yard. The Asylums Board are also getting ready further temporary accommodation in the grounds of the Stockwell Hospital.

ENGLISH CHARITY DIVERTED BY THE WAR.—In consequence of the diminution of its funds through the late war, the committee of the Soldiers' Orphan Daughters' Home at Hamptonstead are able to elect only twelve instead of sixteen children this summer. The fact is that, owing to the benevolent exertions made by the British public during the last few months to aid the sick and wounded in the war on the Continent, to relieve the French peasants, and the relatives and friends of those lost in H.M.S. Captain, the funds of most of our home charities have suffered very materially.

SUICIDE OF A WIDOW BY POISON.—An inquest has been held at Camberwell Workhouse on the body of Elizabeth Farley, aged forty-three years. The deceased was a widow, and had been in a very depressed state of mind for some time past. Not having been seen for several days her room was entered, and she was discovered lying in bed quite dead. She had been dead some days. The post-mortem examination showed that death had been caused by lead poisoning. The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of unsound mind."

A GOOD WORK FOR LADIES.—The annual meeting of the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution has been held at Milton House, West Brompton. Lord Ebury, who was in the chair, congratulated the supporters of the movement on the great good they had effected since the society began operations. During the past year 304 reformative cases had been admitted into the homes, and 213 preventive cases. Of these 437 have been provided with situations, 72 restored to their friends, four have emigrated, two died, and four were dismissed.

"THE COUNTESS OF DERWENTWATER."—A meeting of the creditors of Amelia Radcliffe, claiming to be Countess of Derwentwater, was held at Newcastle County-court a few days ago. Proofs were tendered on behalf of the Admiralty and two other creditors, amounting to about 600*l.* The entire debts are supposed to be between 2,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* The bankrupt debtors do not appear. On Tuesday, last week, the "Countess," accompanied by her bailiff, Henry Brown, visited two farms and demanded rent. Agents were left in possession, but speedily ejected.

DISCOVERY OF A CHILD'S BODY AT A RAILWAY STATION.—The body of a child has been discovered at the London-bridge Station of the South-Eastern Railway. It appears that one of the closets at the station was under repair, and on removing the seat the remains of a child were found in a very offensive state of decomposition. The house surgeon of Guy's Hospital was of opinion that the child had been dead many months. To place the body where it was found the wood work of the seat must have been taken up, and afterwards nailed down. The body was covered with lime.

THE VIRTUE OF SOAP AND WATER.—Dr. Druett, in an interesting paper read before the Association of Medical Officers of Health, on "Physical Education in Elementary Schools," says: "Children should be taught how to wash; they should be taught to love washing, and they should be made to do it. We want a cleanliness of cleanliness, and I should like to write one if I had time. At present the masters and mistresses do not dare insist on cleanliness of person and neatness of dress to the extent which is requisite, from the fear of offending the parents, and lest these should take their children away from school."

PENDING CAUSES CELEBRATED.—The Tichborne case is appointed to be heard before Chief Justice Bovill at the sittings after Term on the 9th proximo. The question of title of the present claimant will be raised in an action of ejectment against one of the tenants of the Tichborne property. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine will appear for the claimant and the Solicitor-General on the other side. The two indictments in "The Queen v. Park and Boulton and others" are set down for hearing in the Court of Queen's Bench in the sittings after Term in Middlesex, and are the first cases in the list on the 9th of May.

SAVED BY A FISH.—That the ocean abounds with wonders is daily being exemplified, and seldom more forcibly so than in the experience of Captain Ward, of the bark Providence, at Harlow, who has just returned from Danzig, at which port he was frozen up during the late severe winter. He states that during his outward voyage to that port, in November last, the ship sprang a severe leak during a gale in the Baltic, and his crew were all but exhausted in their efforts at the pumps to reduce it. One day she suddenly stopped making more water, and eventually the vessel reached Danzig safely. After the discharge of the cargo a search was made for the leak, resulting in the discovery of a hole in the centre of one

of the after planks, from the yielding of a knot in the wood, and in this aperture was wedged a dead fish, whose collision with the vessel when alive had been the evident cause of the stoppage of the leak, and consequent salvation of the ship and crew.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE OF A LADY.—Dr. Diplock has held an inquest at the Swan Inn, Twickenham, on the body of Mrs. Elizabeth Ayres, of New Hampton. Solomon Armitage, a fisherman, deposed that he was fishing on the Thames, opposite the Duc d'Aumale's, when he saw the body of a female lying in the water face downwards. He procured assistance and got it ashore. Miss Jane De la Rue said the deceased was her sister. She was a widow, aged fifty-four. She had been affected in her mind for some time past, ever since the death of her mother. About a fortnight ago she attempted to destroy her life by taking laudanum.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE MARRIAGE LAWS.—A decision involving some intricate questions of marriage law has, says the *Melbourne Argus*, lately been given in the Equity Court in its ecclesiastical jurisdiction, by Mr. Justice Moleworth, on an application to revoke probate granted to the will of a testator named William Swan. Swan, who had resided in Victoria for many years, and amassed considerable property, in 1853 went to Scotland, accompanied by his deceased wife's niece, who he married some time after he arrived in Scotland. By the Scotch law such a marriage is altogether void, but by the Victoria law, which was the law of England before the 6 and 7 Vict., such a marriage is only voidable—that is, it could only be annulled during the lifetime of both parties to it. Had the marriage, therefore, taken place in Victoria, there would have been no difficulty, but the question arose whether its validity should be determined by the Scotch or the Victoria law. Before Swan left Victoria he made a will, and after his death in Scotland his executors proved it in Victoria. If his marriage, however, was legal, it revoked the will, and thus it became necessary to determine the legality of the marriage. Mr. Justice Moleworth held that the domicile of the parties was Victoria; and that the marriage should be judged by the Victorian law, and not by the Scotch; and therefore that the will had been lawfully married. He consequently revoked the probate.

ROBERT OF A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR.—At the Mansion-house on Saturday, William Bradley, twenty years of age, was charged before Mr. Alderman Gibbons with stealing a purse containing cheques of the value of 300*l.*, and 10*l.* in silver, from Mrs. Riddell. The complainant stated that on the Wednesday, about half-past three o'clock, she was walking along the Poultry in the direction of the Bank, when the prisoner, who was going the same way, jostled her, and placing himself in front of her, blocked her way completely. She was obliged to remain on the kerb for a moment, when the prisoner suddenly left her side and ran across the street in front of an omnibus. She at once missed her purse, which she carried in an outside jacket, and it had been safe there a minute before. She ran after him and met a policeman, who followed with her, but the prisoner got away. The purse contained 300*l.* in cheques and ten shillings and other currency of the former. Some 10*l.* in silver, and she had stopped payment of the former. Some of them were given to her husband, an engineer in Chisleide. She gave a description of the man to the police, and she identified the prisoner last evening from twelve others at Bow-lane station. She was sure he was the man. Mr. Alderman Gibbons remanded the prisoner (who denied that he was the thief) for a week, to admit of an investigation into his character.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY TWO YOUNG WOMEN.—At the Thames Police-court, two young women, named Margaret Evans and Clara Beard, were charged, on remand, with attempting to commit self-destruction from the Old Gravel-lane Bridge of the London Docks, St. George's-in-the-East, where a great many suicides have been committed or attempted. The mother of Evans, who appeared to be a decent and industrious woman, came forward and claimed her daughter, of whom she professed to take every possible care, and she was delivered to her mother on a suitable admonition from the learned magistrate. Clara Beard, who was intoxicated when she made the attempt on her life, had no one to look after her, and Mr. Lushington said this was the second time she had been charged with a similar offence, and he could not part with her this time until she found securities—her own personal recognizance in the sum of 50*l.*, and two good and sufficient sureties in 25*l.* each, —to keep the peace and be of good behaviour for three months. If she did not provide bail, she would have to stay in prison all that time.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON IN A POLICE-COURT.—At Marlborough-street, on Friday, the Hon. Mrs. Norton was summoned before Mr. Knox by the Vestry of St. George's, Hanover-square, for neglecting to pay the parochial rates due on her house, No. 3, Chesterfield-street, Mayfair. The collector proposed that she should pay the amount, and that the money was not paid. Mrs. Norton said her complaint was that although she paid large rates, paying-rate included, she suffered great inconvenience in her house from dampness caused by the defective state of the pavement. She could not understand why she should be required to pay rates when it was evident that the money did not go in the direction for which it was levied, as far as paving was concerned. Mr. Norton acknowledged the courtesy shown by the collector. She, however, had another complaint, and that was in relation to the great increase lately made in the parochial rates. Mr. Knox said he had only to perform a prescribed duty—to sign a warrant authorizing a levy on the goods for the amount of the rates. If Mrs. Norton had any complaint in respect of excess of taxes, she must apply to the Vestry; if as to defective pavement, to the Paving Board. If she objected to the warrant, she could go to the Quarter Sessions. Mrs. Norton then left, intimating her determination not to pay the rates.

A LADY'S LOST PURSE.—At Lambeth, on Tuesday, Wm. Weeks, an omnibus conductor, appeared to a summons issued at the instance of the Police Commissioner, for neglecting to deliver to the nearest police-station within 24 hours a purse containing money, found in an omnibus, whereby he had incurred a penalty of 10*l.* On Tuesday, the 11th inst., a lady riding in the omnibus of which the defendant was conductor, found a purse and gave it to him. He kept it, on the suggestion of the driver, in order that it might be returned to the owner. The excuse of the defendant and the driver was that they were not aware that it should have been delivered up within 24 hours. The lady who had found the purse in the mean time written to the London General Omnibus Company, and a communication was in consequence made to the Omnibus Association, in whose service the defendant was engaged. On being spoken to two days after receiving the purse, he admitted having it and 1*l.* 7*s.* which it contained. It was afterwards sent to the police-station, and the defendant summoned. The defendant had since been discharged from his situation. Mr. Chas. said he was surprised that when the licences were granted with the regulations attached any driver or conductor should have been ignorant that it was his duty to deliver all property found in vehicles within 24 hours. The defendant had rendered himself liable to a penalty of 10*l.* He fined him 20*s.* and costs.

Notes

MODERN MARRIAGE is now adapted and pronounced a couple

HOME INFUENCER wife and family. T charities; everything thing endured is a trial that there may be made to recommend

NEW USES FOR STresses appears to be Chemistry writes "t pressed remittances cushions, and genera "sponge mattresses great favour."

CENSUS DIFFICULTIES difficulties in Cen like other Eastern race their rulers. Arrou are entertained regard has been implanted i information about the ing where a good sup desolate spinsters care many native heads of the recesses of the enumerators, in the French Connubial Co

MR. LOWE AND H Match Bill, about wh issued. It provided label affixed denotat upon the box, and th could not be opened. The selling of labels of 20*l.*, and manifest "make entry" of the of excise in force in part of the manufact Bill is punishable by 50*l.*; Power was given any person selling m wise than in conform the offence is punished labour, or by the mit not less than a week

THE LONDON MA went to Bethnal-green families who earn th boxes which hold th narrow streets leav mysterious way be a dismal felling prev who foresaw instinc box making is carri family, from the ba of the fragile cases lightly, represents se which are entirely us used in the manufact ings; one piece of printed label for the bottom; and the m making a gross of bo homes which are sup making; thousands not difficult of acqui at home. Many of out to domestic serv The match-box make believe that the arti manipulate and pile to a penny stamp resemble a pig-pickin poorer classes.

FASHIONS IN HAIR or untrue we do not distant when ladies Grecian style in dress and a coil behind, bi of hair possessed, y formation. "Gentle nearest friends, who would scarce recogni crimped, puffed, frizz he should return at arranged a la Grecie head-dressing which few years, they hav breadth in the mat times. The huge, squ reign of Henry IV., the steeples which, were monstrosities fr bella of Bavaria, Qu latter fashion to such Indies of her train. The happy medium h hair may yet be att

LADIES AND SPRI well-known drawers offering, as will be s columns, a large sto most certainly the By purchasing for ca Lonsdale avoid the and are therefore con proportionately adva

"I had been sever with intense pain, w strongly Davis's Pain relief, and I can do to my no afflicted.—Trent, Nov., 1868.—T

Notes Interesting and Odd.

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Dr. Diplock has held on, on the body of Mrs. Solomon Armitage, a the Thames, opposite dy of a female lying red assistance and got deceased was her four. She had been ever since the death she attempted to

aws.—A decision inage law has, says the Equity Court in its the Moleworth, on an the will of a testator esided in Victoria for erty, in 1868 went to wife's niece, whom he by the Scotch law y the Victoria law, 6 and 7 Viet., such d only be annulled Had the marriage, would have been no its validity should w. Before Swan left eath in Scotland his marriage, however, was necessary to deter Justice Moleworth as Victoria; that the n law, and not by the been lawfully married.

ESS.—At the Mansion-enty years of age, was with stealing a purse , and 10s. in silver, that on the Wednes-ss walking along the en the prisoner, who d, placing himself in e. She was obliged y the prisoner suddenly front of an omnibus, arried in an outside mo before. She ran ved with her, but the 300l. in cheques and at of the former. Some d they belonged partly eer in Cheapside. She ce, and she identified rs at Bow-lane station. nan Gibbons remanded e thief) for a week, to

OMEN.—At the Thames Margaret Evans and th attempting to com-ill-lane Bridge of the where a great many ed. The mother of d industrious woman, or, of whom she pro- was delivered to her el magistrate. Clara de the attempt on her Lushington said this rged with a similar is time until she found in the sum of 50l., and 25l. each — to keep three months. If she tice in prison all that

ICE-COURT.—At Marl-orton was summoned rge's, Hanover-square, ne on her house, No. 3, ror proved that the money did not at application had been r was not paid. Mrs. ough she paid large great inconvenience in defective state of the why she should be nt that the money did ed, as far as paying ed the courtesy shown another complaint, and use lately made in the ad only to perform a orizing a levy on the Mrs. Norton had any she must apply to the to the Quarter Sessions. determination not to

ch, on Tuesday, Wm. d to a summons issued oner, for neglecting to n 24 hours a purse hereby he had incurred inst.—A lady rive in a conductor, found a m the suggestion of the to the owner. The was that they were not d up within 24 hours. the meantime written r, and a commemo-ribus Association, in On being spoken to mitted having it and afterwards sent to the oned. The defendant ion. Mr. Chance said were granted with the ctor should have been all property found in ad rendered himself 20s. and costs.

MODERN MARRIAGES.—The marriage-service in Illinois is now adapted to American notions. A justice recently pronounced a couple man and wife "until separated by law."

HOME INFLUENCE.—There is no selfishness where there is a wife and family. There the house is lighted up by mutual charities; everything achieved for them is a victory; everything endured is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed that there may be no bad example! How many exertions made to recommend and inculcate a good one.—*Landor.*

NEW USES FOR SPONGE.—A new kind of stuffing for mattresses appears to be coming into use. The Journal of Applied Chemistry writes "that sponge dipped in glycerine and well pressed remains elastic, and can be used for mattresses, cushions, and general upholstery; and we further learn that sponge mattresses prepared in this way are now finding great favour."

CENSUS DIFFICULTIES.—The numbering of the people has its difficulties in Ceylon the same as elsewhere. Singalese, like other Eastern races, are always jealous of the intention of their rulers. Around Colombo the most extraordinary ideas are entertained regarding the object of the census. The idea has been implanted in the Singalese maternal mind that the information about sex and age is for the purpose of ascertaining where a good supply of husbands for French widows and desolate spinsters can be procured. Acting on this impression many native heads of families sent their unmarried sons into the recesses of the jungle, out of reach of the Government enumerators, in the hope that they might thus escape the French Connubial Conscription.

MR. LOWE AND HIS MATCHES.—The text of Mr. Lowe's Match Bill, about which the excitement was so great, has been issued. It provided that each box of matches were to have a label affixed denoting the proper amount of duty payable upon the box, and the label was to be affixed so that the box could not be opened without the label being torn or destroyed. The selling of labels without authority is punishable by a fine of 20l., and manufacturers and importers of matches are to "make entry" of all the matches in conformity with the law of excise in force in relation to entries. Any breach on the part of the manufacturer of the regulations laid down in the Bill is punishable by forfeiture of the matches and a fine of 50l.; Power was given by the Bill to proceed summarily against any person selling matches in the street or elsewhere otherwise than in conformity with the provisions of the Bill, and the offence is punishable by a fine of 10l. or a month's hard labour, or by the mitigated fine of not less than 2l. 10s., or not less than a week's imprisonment.

THE LONDON MATCH TRADE.—A reporter a few days ago went to Bethnal-green, to see something of the thousands of families who earn their living by making matches and the boxes which hold them. He says that as the dwellers in the narrow streets learnt that match-boxes would in some mysterious way be made more expensive by the Government, a dismal feeling prevailed among women, girls, and infants, who foresaw instinctively a decrease in the demand. Match-box making is carried on at home, and every member of the family, from the baby upwards, joins in it. For every one of the fragile cases which are passed from hand to hand so lightly, represents several departments of labour and materials which are entirely distinct. There are six different articles used in the manufacture—two strips of wood like shavings; one piece of coloured paper for the inner box; a printed label for the outer half; a piece of sandpaper for the bottom; and the material which fastens all together. For making a gross of boxes 2d. is paid. There are hundreds of homes which are supported mainly by this trade of match-box making; thousands of children being employed. The art is not difficult of acquirement, and can be learnt and exercised at home. Many of the girls, the writer suggests, might go out to domestic service, but that is not popular with them. The match-box makers, he says, cannot bring themselves to believe that the articles by which they live, and which they manipulate and pile up all day and every day, can be subjected to a penny stamp. Match-box making in one respect resembles hop-picking, for it embraces every variety of the poorer classes.

FASHIONS IN HAIR.—There comes a rumour—whether true or untrue we do not pretend to say—that the time is not far distant when ladies will return to the simplicity of the Grecian style in dressing the hair; that plain bands in front, and a coil behind, big or little, according to the actual amount of hair possessed, will be the "mode." Wonderful transformation! Gentlemen will need to be introduced to their nearest friends when this transpires; for even a husband would scarce recognise his own wife, if leaving her at morning crimped, puffed, frizzled, and curled after the fashion of the day, he should return at night to find her arrayed in her own tresses, arranged à la Grecian. Notwithstanding the extraordinary head-dressing which ladies have submitted to during the past few years, they have not gone to the length and height and breadth in the matter which fashion-followers did in olden times. The huge, square head-dresses which prevailed during the reign of Henry IV., and the horned ones which followed, and the steeples which, still later, crowned the heads of ladies, were monstrosities from which we have been delivered. Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of Charles VI. of France, carried this latter fashion to such an extent that the doors of the palace at Vincennes were obliged to be enlarged to admit her and the ladies of her train. May good spirits defend the ladies of our time from the approach of such hideous would-be appendages! The happy medium between excess and defect in dressing the hair may yet be attained.

LADIES AND SPRING PURCHASES.—Messrs. Lonsdale, the well-known drapers and silk-mongers of Aldgate, are just now offering, as will be seen by a reference to our advertisement columns, a large stock of spring and early summer goods, and most certainly the stock is worthy of inspection by ladies. By purchasing for cash direct from the manufacturers, Messrs. Lonsdale avoid the frittering away of profits to middlemen, and are therefore enabled to offer the goods to the public at proportionately advantageous terms.

"I had been several days suffering from diarrhoea, accompanied with intense pain, when a fellow-sufferer recommended to me so strongly Dr. J. J. Pain Killer that I tried it, and got instant relief, and I can do no better than recommend it as strongly to my so afflicted.—*HY. J. NOONE (Clement and Co.), Darton-on-Trent, Nov., 1868.*—To Perry Davis and Son."

Correspondence.

[We invite discussion on all subjects of interest to ladies, and it must be distinctly understood therefore, that by signing insertion to the letters of correspondents, we do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions of the writers.—*Ed. L.O.P.*]

INDIA AND THE COBRA SNAKE.

[We extract the following from an interesting communication we have received from the Rev. W. Joss, of Coimbatore, South India, dated 12th ult.]—

"The thermometer stood at 88 degrees a few days ago, but we have had a thunderstorm, and it has now fallen to 80. If you wish to know the joys of perpetual summer, pay Coimbatore a visit for a few years. It is true, indeed, that all knowledge is relative, even to that of degrees of heat and their effects. At home, 72 degrees is warm, and we open the windows at night, using the sheets only for a covering to induce sleep; here, 72 degrees is cold, and demands a blanket at night. The natives then muffle themselves up and complain of fever and cold."

"Is there a good book published on snakes? If so, I should like to have it, because I have a good opportunity here of examining living specimens. Five cobras, four specimens of another snake, smaller, but very venomous, and a small black snake also deadly poisonous, have been killed near our house; these I have seen, and I have also heard reports of other. The cobras were from 3 feet to 3 feet 6 inches long, and about 2 inches in circumference. One was seen in the dim moonlight very near the house; the person who saw it gave the alarm, and it was traced into a disused bathroom, where it was killed. I was told some time ago that there was a cobra in the well. I looked into the well, and saw it on a ledge of stone jutting out from the side of the well, about twenty feet from the top. I cannot tell how it got there, at the side of the well is smooth. There was an earthen pot tied to the end of the rope hanging in the well, which is used for the purpose of drawing the water. I lowered this until it was on a level with the ledge. I then swung it backwards and forwards, and tried to hit the snake. It went so near that the cobra raised its head and expanded the hood. The next time it went near the snake it sprang at it and fell into the water and swam about. It remained in the water until the fourth day, when a man went down by a ladder, and dexterously cast a piece of cord, fastened to the end of a stick, round its neck, and brought it up. The others were killed at a little distance from the house. The four snakes to which I have referred were two feet long, and two inches at the thickest part; they had beautiful spots varying in shade from the head to the tail. The black snake was five inches long and very thin. I have told the persons who live near the house to kill the next cobra without destroying the head, but they do not at all like the idea. They make sure of the death of a cobra by crushing its head. The natives call it 'the good snake.' A man and a child have been bitten within ten minutes' walk of this house by cobras since I have been here, and have died. I saw the natives trying to charm away the effects of the poison by prayers when the child was speechless. It was then too late. No known remedy could avail to save its life."

The Berry Hour.

A young woman's conundrum: Who is our favourite Roman hero? Marius.

"Woman is a delusion!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor, to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

A young gentleman, after having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time, popped the question. "The lady, in a frightened manner, said: 'You scare me, Sir!' The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, 'Scare gain.'"

(From Punch.)

ASCETICISM!—Grace: "But how dull in Lent in Lent!" Alice: "Dull! O dear, no! There was no end of shopping to be done, and plenty of fun in the park; and lots of people we knew went to the best church services in the mornings, and again in the evenings, before dinner, you know."

ON A FALSE REMOUR.

"The Arch of Triumph Down!" Not so.

Half is the truth, which we deplore:

France's proud Arch is still a show;

'Tis France's Triumph that's no more.

CHOICE OF FRENCH COLOURS.—Magenta or Red.

(From Fun.)

Interfering young Mister Spriggins (to Head Master, who has just posed the model): "Don't you think, Sir, that his left leg is in rather an unnatural position?" Master (disgusted): "Unnatural? What the deuce have we to do with natur? This is a Hart School, Sir!" (Total collapse of Spriggins.)

POSTED-UP.—Kitty: "Oh, Elward, I haven't seen you since I don't know when; how have you got on at college; you've been up for your examinations, haven't you?" Vulgar Hostess: "Oh, he's done admirably, my darling; you know he's been up for his—his post-mortem examination, you know."

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2s. 6d. each.]

BIRTH.

On the 23rd inst., at 55, Queen's-gardens, Hyde-park, the wife of T. Brindshaw, Esq., prematurely, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 19th inst., at Christ Church, Kensington, Joseph, eldest son of J. Atkinson, Esq., of Crowhill, co. Armagh, and Emily, eldest daughter of the late J. J. Broadwood, Esq., of Bush-hill, Sussex.

DEATHS.

On the 21st inst., at 19, Montague-square, Mary, widow of J. Armitage, Esq., aged eighty.

On the 15th inst., at New Cross, Elizabeth Lumcombe Couchman, wife of Alfred Couchman, of New Cross, aged forty years.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Few persons are so favoured by circumstances, or so fortified by nature, as to enable them to pass unscathed the sore trials of this changeable season. With catarrhs, coughs, and influenza, which are now abounding, it should be universally known that Holloway's Ointment diligently rubbed upon the chest checks the worst assaults of these maladies, and securely wards off more grave and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. The truth of this assertion must remain unquestioned in the face of thousands of unimpeachable living testators who have personally derived the utmost possible benefits from this simple treatment, when their present sufferings were appalling, and their prospects disheartening. Both remedies act admirably together.

D. LONSDALE & CO.,
SILK MERCERS,

Are direct MANUFACTURERS' MEDIUMS for the Sale of all articles of Ladies' Dress and Drapery. This system effects a saving of 15 per cent. to the Consumer.

PATTERNS FREE.

ALDGATE, CITY, LONDON.

LYONNESE SILKS,
COLOURED,

In all the rich and full Shades for which the City is so famous.

Commencing at £1 7s. 9d. the Full Dress.

PATTERNS FREE.

BLACK SILKS.

Of the same sterling manufacture, with the makers' name woven upon each piece.

Bonnets, Tapissiere's, and Gourd's goods are always reliable.

Commencing at £1 9s. 6d. the Full Dress.

PATTERNS FREE.

STRIPED, BROCHE, AND CANILLÉ SILKS,

In considerable variety, offering a comprehensive assortment for ladies at a distance.

Commencing at £1 9s. 6d. the Full Dress.

PATTERNS FREE.

SPRING DRESS FABRICS.

Etoile du Nord, Brillantes, Espanoil, Lustre, Sheen, with a full assortment of every other material suitable for present wear.

Commencing at 6s. 11d. the Full Dress.

PATTERNS FREE.

COSTUMES,

In the First Taste, are especially Exhibited in D. LONSDALE and Co.'s SHOW-ROOMS, where an experienced staff of Dressmakers is kept for finishing complete, Commencing at 18s. 9d. including Bodice.

MANTUA MAKING,

For Dinner, Walking, Visiting, Weddings, Balls, Routs, Fêtes, &c., of the highest class, and yet at the most moderate charges.

MOURNING GOODS.

All D. LONSDALE and Co.'s Blacks are dyed expressly for them, so every piece shades alike.

Sedan Cords, Persian Cords, Russell Cords,

Suez Cords, Utrecht Cords, &c.

Commencing at 5s. 11d. the Dress.

PATTERNS FREE.

LULU BATISTE COSTUMES,

In ten beautiful Colours. Greys, Buffs, Drabs, Fawns, Whites, &c., with Pleated Trimming for Dress Skirt.

11s. 9d. Complete.

Illustrations sent.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRINTS.

Percales, Brillantes, Satines à Boudoir, Piqués, Muslinettes, supplied in any quantity.

This is a very large trade with D. LONSDALE and CO.

The Cheaper Sorts supplied by the Piece (about 50 yards) to Institutions, Dorcas, &c., at Wholesale Prices.

Commencing at 4 1/2d. the yard.

1,000 Patterns sent Post Free.

PARISIENNE BONNETS AND HATS,

Delicately designed and artistically made, are constantly exhibited in the Millinery Showrooms.

SPRING JACKETS AND PALETOTS,

In moderate and more lavish designs, also form an important feature in

D. LONSDALE AND CO.'S
ESTABLISHMENT,
ALDGATE, CITY, LONDON.

Easily accessible from all lines of Railway, and on the direct route of most of the Omnibuses.

ENTIRE STOCK-IN-TRADE OF MESSRS. SAUNDERS & EVANS,

The well-known Silk Mercers and Lacemen of 27, Ludgate Hill.

Z. SIMPSON AND COMPANY

Have PURCHASED, by PUBLIC TENDER, for Cash, of Messrs. Honey, Humphreys, and Co., 28, King Street, Cheapside, Accountants, the ENTIRE STOCK as above, at a Discount of 56½ per cent. from cost prices. The entire Stock comprises

SILKS, DRESSES, SHAWLS, MANTLES, LACE GOODS, AND EMBROIDERY;

Linen and Cambric Handkerchiefs, Prints, Muslins, Coburgs,

CLOTHS, STUFFS, RIBBONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, HABERDASHERY, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY, &c.

Rich Silks and real Laces form a large portion of the Stock.

The whole will be marked at Prices varying from 30 to 80 per cent. off.

Z. SIMPSON and COMPANY will OFFER the same on TUESDAY NEXT, April 25, and following Days,

AT 65 and 66 (LATE 48, 49, 50, and 53), FARRINGTON STREET, CITY.

N.B.—During the Sale the Doors will be opened at Nine o'clock.

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH A STENCIL PLATE.



PERRY and CO.
Are manufacturing Stencil Plates at the following Prices: Initial Plates, two let
ters, 6d.; monogram, from 1s.; name, one line, 1s.; two lines, 1s. 6d.; three lines, 2s.
headings for post cards, 1d. per letter; movable alphabets, 2s. 6d. to 8s.; movable
numbers, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. All other Stencil Plates at equally low prices. A liberal
discount to the trade.

3, Cheapside. The Penciltechnicon, 355, Strand.

A NEW SYSTEM OF MARKING LINEN.

PERRY AND CO.'S PATENT ANILINE MARKING INK IS A PERFECT DYE.

Requires only to be mixed with water, and used with a steel pen or stencil plate.

Price 1s. per Box, with Initial Plates.

SOLE BY STATIONERS AND CHEMISTS.

WHOLESALE, 37, RED LION SQUARE; 3, CHEAPSIDE; AND THE
PENCILTECHNICON, 355, STRAND.

REOPENING OF PARIS.

TAMAR INDIEN

May be obtained as usual of Messrs. BARCLAY and SONS, London, and all chemists.
This delicious Medicated Lozenge is prescribed by Drs. TARDIEU and BELIN, and other
eminent Physicians, as the Specific Remedy for

CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, BILE, HÆMORRHOIDS, &c.

PREPARED BY E. GRILLON, PHARMACIEN, 25, RUE DE GRAMMONT, PARIS.
Price 2s. 6d. per Box. Government stamped.

BRADEN AND COMPANY'S

SUPERIOR

Prepared Groats. {For making pure Gruel and Barley Water in Ten Minutes, without the
Prepared Barley. {trouble of straining, in 2d. and 6d. packets, and 1s. cisterns.
Prepared Peas Flour. {For making delicious Soup in Ten Minutes, in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d. packets,
and 1s. cisterns.
Braden's Baking Powder. {Puddings without Eggs, Bread without Yeast, Pastry Light and Whole
Unadulterated. {some, and with less Butter.
Braden's Egg Powder. One Penny Packet equal to Nine Eggs.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, CORNDEALERS, OILMEN, AND DRUGGISTS.

MANUFACTORY—STEAM MILLS, WHITE'S GROUNDS, S.E.

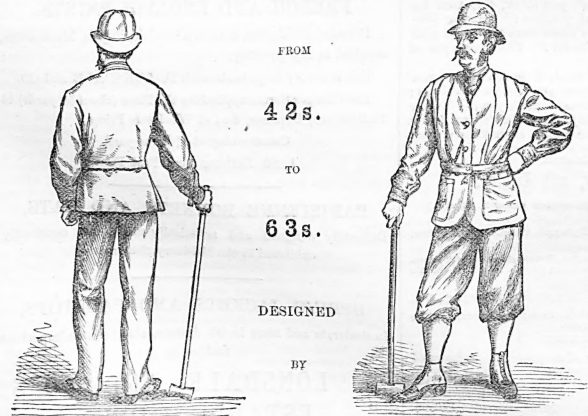
THE MAGIC SOAP—SAPOLINE.

A pure white Soap, at same price as yellow. Unequalled for the Nursery, the Bath, or the Washtub. It softens
flannels, fixes the colours of printed fabrics, removes tar or paint from the hands or clothes, and is guaranteed to
SAVE FULL ONE HALF THE TIME AND TROUBLE IN THE LAUNDRY
Mrs. TREAWICK, Exeter, Honiton Point Lace Maker to Her Majesty, says: "I have used it for a considerable time for
my very finest lace. It possesses greater cleansing power than any soap I have ever used."
Sent carriage paid to any railway-station in England; 1 cwt., 10s.; 1 cwt., 18s. 6d.; 1 cwt., or four 1 cwt. to same
address, 35s. 6d., on receipt of a Post-office Order on Derby.

SOLE MAKERS,

GARD, SON, AND CO., BREASTON, DERBY.

THE ULSTER CROQUET SUITS,



FROM

42s.

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63s.

DESIGNED

BY

B. BENJAMIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR, 72, PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.
Are Made to Order from

SCOTCH AND WEST OF ENGLAND TWEEDS, CHEVIOTS AND ANGOLAS,
IN EVERY VARIETY OF PATTERN AND COLOUR.

N.B.—These Suits are equally adapted for shooting, Cricketing, Boating, Fishing, Touring, or the Sea-side.

RE-ARRANGEMENT OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THOMAS BRYER & CO.

Beg to inform the Public that it is their intention to associate with them as a Partner, Mr. THOMAS BRYER
Jr., (son of their Mr. Bryer), and that, prior to such arrangement being concluded, they find it necessary to
dispose of the whole of their valuable Stock, consisting of upwards of

TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF
LINENS AND CALICOES. SHAWLS AND MANTLES. UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.
WOOLLENS AND FLANNELS. PRINTED MUSLINS & MUSLINS. LACE, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, and
FANCY DRESSES. FIGURES AND PRINTS. PURS.
COSTUMES AND SKIRTS. GENTS OUTFITTING & SCARFS. HABERDASHERY, &c.
SILKS AND VELVETS. HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

WHICH WILL BE SOLD AT A GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.
MOURNING GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

N.B.—All Goods marked in Plain Figures.

44 & 45, KING WILLIAM STREET, & 6, ARTHUR STREET, London-bridge.

SILKS, FANCY DRESS GOODS, AND COSTUMES FOR THE SPRING.

Z. SIMPSON AND COMPANY

Have recently made several very favourable cash purchases, and are now offering same under regular prices. Special
attention is invited to the following—

A PARCEL OF DRESS GOODS, 2½d. to 1s. 1½d. PER YARD.
COSTUMES IN GREAT VARIETY OF MATERIAL AND COLOUR, 6s. 11d. to 21s.
SATIN STRIPED MUSLINS, 6½d. PER YARD.

65 and 66 (late 48, 49, 50, and 53), FARRINGTON-STREET, CITY.

PRIME NEW SEASON'S TEA.

Really Good and Truly Cheap are the TEAS and COFFEES supplied by

PHILLIPS & CO., TEA MERCHANTS,

8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON, E.C.

STRONG TO FINE BLACK TEA, 1s. 8d., 2s., 2s. 4d. VERY FINE RICH BLACK TEA, 2s. 6d.
A Price Current Free. Sugars at Market Prices.
PHILLIPS & CO. send all Goods CARRIAGE FREE, by their own Vans, within Eight miles of No. 8,
King William-street, City; and send Teas, Coffees, and Spices CARBONAS Free to any Railway Station or Market-
town in England, if to the value of Forty Shillings or upwards.—Phillips & Co. have no Agents

THE CITY CARPET WAREHOUSE.

JOHN BURDETT AND SONS,

76, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

The best selection of Carpets in the City at the reduced prices of last year, despite the double advance made by

the manufacturers since.

The new make of All-wool Felt Carpets, 31 yards wide, without seam.

Furniture of every description made to order.

Bedroom suites in white woods, ornamented and inlaid, from 27 to 212. Spanish Mahogany Bedroom Suite, including

6 R. Wardrobe with glass door, £15.

ESTABLISHED 1828.



TRADE MARK.

DUNN & HEWETT'S COCOA AND MILK

(Registered),

PREPARED WITH

NEWHAM'S CONDENSED MILK.

Manufactory: LONDON.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE,

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

ADVICE TO INVALIDS.—If you wish to obtain quiet refreshing sleep, free from headache, relief from pain and anguish,
to calm and assuage the tortures of protracted disease, invigorate the nervous system and regulate the circulating
system of the body, you will provide yourself with that marvellous remedy discovered by DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE
late Army Medical Staff, to which he gave the name of

CHLORODYNE.

And which is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.
CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma,
CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Angina,
CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.
CHLORODYNE effectually cures short attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Prolapsion, and Spasms.
CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.
CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

From Lord FRANCES CONINGHAM, Mount Charles, Donaghall, Dec. 11, 1868.
"Lord FRANCES CONINGHAM, who, this time last year, bought some of Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne from Mr.
Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have laid down bottles sent at once to the above
address."
"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at
Alexandria, to the effect that Cholera had been raging furiously, and that the only remedy of any service was CHLORO-
DYNE.—See Lancet, December 1, 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.

CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma,
CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Angina,
CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.
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CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

Sole Manufacturer—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

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The Publishers have the
make this valuable series
cluding in it the late

PROFESS

"EDMUND SPENSE"

Which will form three as
published as follows:—

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XXXI. "

XXXII. "

Professor Craik was
of Editing "Spenser," and
and accurate, aggressive intel-
which have distinguished it
London: CHARLES G.

Hall-court.

M

VIRGINIA GABRIEL

THE ANGEL OF THE

A Sat. An exquisite com-
John Manners, are admirable
for 24 stamps.

DUFF AND STEWART

ESMERALDA, SHIRAZ

Composed by W. C. L.

new song, which is slightly
"Notre Dame," at the Ade-

DUFF AND STEWART

HENRIETTE'S N

I WAIT THERE. Sent

with a catching melody, duff
well to the music.—"Court
stamps.

DUFF AND STEWART

ONLY COME. Son

RECK: composed by
will add to the reputation of
real power. It may be com-
thing.—"Musical World, A

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NEW SONG. THE

NIE NEW. By J. L.

little ballad; key of B flat;
Circular, April 8. Sent for

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OH, LOVING H

By VIRGINIA GABRIEL

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